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EUSTACE CONWAY.

VOL. II.

EUSTACE CONWAY:

OR,

THE BROTHER AND SISTER.

A NOVEL.

"Il est dangereux de trop faire voir à l'homme combien il est égal aux bêtes, sans lui montrer sa grandeur. Il est encore dangereux de lui faire trop voir sa grandeur, sans sa bassesse. Il est encore plus dangereux de lui laisser ignorer l'un et l'autre. Mais il est très avantageux de lui représenter l'un et l'autre."

PASCAL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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THE BROTHER AND SISTER.

CHAPTER I.

I have not from your eyes that gentleness,
And show of love, as I was wont to have :
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

SHAKESPEARE.

I MENTIONED before, that Caroline Duncan and Honoria were the only female guests at Mr. Hartenfield's. As soon as the former set out on her unfortunate journey, Mrs. Hartenfield, who had spent the previous hour with her alone, joined our heroine in the drawing-room. She had passed the time there in such painful reflections, that though her friend's countenance indicated dis-

turbance, and even displeasure, she welcomed her arrival. But Mrs. Hartenfield, instead of noticing her, walked to a different part of the room, and sat down by a piano. She played several tunes, and then turning to Honoria, asked her if she would take her place, adding, that she was unfit for conversation; her head ached dreadfully. Honoria complied instantly, and she threw herself upon a sofa.

Our heroine had played through several pieces of music which her friend suggested, and was in the midst of another, when Mrs. Hartenfield looked up, and said,—

“ You had a visiter yesterday, Mr. Hartenfield tells me ? ”

“ A visiter !—oh, yes ! ” replied Honoria, colouring.

“ Surely that last bar was not played right, my love,” said Mrs. Hartenfield, coming up to her; “ I never heard you commit such a mistake before ! ”

“ Oh ! I shall make a hundred to-night !—I am very stupid ! ”

“ You have played exceedingly well. A passage in that overture reminded me of an air which Captain Marryatt composed. He composes very prettily. I wonder you forgot to mention his call.”

"I thought Mr. Hartenfield would tell you of it," said Honoria, not the less confused, because the friend whom Captain Marryatt had denounced was now standing beside her.

"He did,—and he added, that Captain Marryatt talked very fast about geology when he entered the room; but he fears his knowledge is more extensive than profound, as he introduced nearly every hard word which the science contains, and a few chemical ones mixed up with them."

"I was not a judge of his acquaintance with the subject."

"No, you disappointed Mr. Hartenfield grievously. He thought you a promising pupil before, but yesterday morning he says you made the strangest blunders."

"Did I?—perhaps I did; but my dear Mrs. Hartenfield," she said, rising from the piano, and taking her friend's hand, "I have had such a distressing conversation with my brother to-day, that I can think of nothing else. Will you let me speak to you frankly of it? I fear I have been very wrong, very selfish."

"In what respect?"

"In choosing the society I have found most profitable, most instructive, most delightful. Oh,

how shall I know when I am right, since this has proved to be a crime !”

Mrs. Hartenfield was silent.

“ My friend ! my dear, dear friend !” exclaimed Honoria, bursting into tears ; “ you have made me happy,—you have taught me to think, to feel, to live.”

“ Stay, Miss Conway ; remember I have been in the world for more than forty years. A child of three years old knows to what such protestations as these are the prologues.”

“ No words ever came from the heart, if these did not,” exclaimed Honoria.

“ From the heart ! I have no doubt of it—from your heart of hearts ;—no one could mistake their origin.”

“ If you knew the wretchedness I am enduring at this moment, you would spare these taunts.”

“ They are not taunts, Miss Conway ; they are grave, sober expressions of what I think. I believe, as I said, that your wish to renounce my friendship came from the heart.”

“ To renounce your friendship !”

“ What an admirable start ! Mr. Vyvyan, the prince of actors, could not have surpassed it. No, Miss Conway, do not let us shock each other’s delicate nerves. You did not mean to renounce

my friendship—far from it; you fully intended, when you met me in the street, to make a graceful inclination of the head, and, possibly, in some generous forgiving moment you would stretch out half a hand. Honoria," she exclaimed, "there is nothing in this which surprises me, nothing that I ought not to have expected. What does surprise me, I own, is, that one whom I have been used to think the most open-hearted of human beings, whom I loved for that quality, before I knew the other virtues and failings, each of which has made her dearer to me—what does surprise and grieve me in her is, that she should think it necessary to profane the holy phrases 'conscience' and 'duty,' as worldlings use to do in order to disguise the truth from herself and me."

"Oh! Mrs. Hartenfield, what less than conscience could lead me to the greatest sacrifice I shall ever make, if I have strength to make it!"

"Nothing less, I own."

"You do believe this?"

"That it was something much greater, Honoria! I know at what a risk I am about to speak. There may be a spark of affection left for me in your heart. Heaven knows what I would give to keep that spark alive—and the words I am going to utter will destroy it. But my friendship for you has been disinterested from the first, and it

shall be to the last. I will dare to tell you, that there are feelings in your heart stronger than conscience, stronger than duty, which have overcome your love for me ! I will dare to tell you yet further, that if you are taking it from an unworthy object, you are about to bestow it upon one utterly worthless."

"I know not what you mean, Mrs. Hartenfield. I spoke the simple truth, when I said —"

"Answer me one question, Honoria ; has your resolution of to-night nothing to do with your conversation yesterday ?"

Honoria was about to answer at once, and decidedly in the negative, but she remembered Captain Marryatt's remarks respecting the influence of sisters: she did not know how much they might have contributed to the effect which the words of Eustace left upon her mind. She was silent and turned pale.

"I ask no more!" cried her friend.

"Mrs. Hartenfield, you are mistaken — mistaken utterly ! I must explain." Mrs. Hartenfield rang the bell.

"Will you not listen to me ?" said Honoria.

"Bring up the tea, and tell the gentlemen it is ready," said she to the servant who appeared at the door.

"The gentlemen are gone," said the man.

"Gone! what do you mean—not all of them, I suppose?"

"Yes, all, my lady."

"You must be out of your senses—Has any thing happened?"

The servant was silent.

"Answer me directly!" said Mrs. Hartenfield.

"I believe there has been some news about a young lady, ma'am."

"News about what?"

"A young lady that went away from here some time ago."

"It must be Miss Duncan," said Honoria.

"Why must it be?" said Mrs. Hartenfield, looking almost furiously at her.

"I fear so, because she is the only lady who has left the house this evening."

"That is the lady's name, ma'am," said the servant.

"I say it is not!" shrieked Mrs. Hartenfield.

"Honoria, you have driven me mad." Her eyes rolled wildly, and her countenance was dreadfully convulsed.

"My dear friend," said Honoria, "I have been very cruel, but do not be unhappy. Nothing serious may have befallen Miss Duncan."

"I did not hear it was any thing serious,

ma'am," said the servant; "only the carriage overturned."

"What did you say?" said Mrs. Hartenfield.
"My poor Caroline's carriage overturned!"

"The gentlemen have been gone some time, ma'am. I dare say they will soon bring her back."

She left the room for a moment, with the servant.

"Oh! Honoria," she exclaimed, when she returned, "what shall I do? You will not hate the poor child now, I hope?"

"Hate her! what do you mean?"

"She is such an innocent creature, you should not hate her."

"I never did," said Honoria, "for a moment—how could you entertain such a notion?"

"Did not you? I do not know what I am saying. You are not angry with me now, are you?"

"You have far more cause to be angry with me," said Honoria.

"Oh, no, no; I shall answer you a hundred things I do not mean—leave me at once."

"Not for the world, till I can hear something, and you are more calm!"

"Leave me, I say, Miss Conway, unless you wish me to abhor you."

"Why do you speak so?"

"Oh! for Heaven's sake, leave me," she said, throwing her arms round Honoria's neck.

"You will write to me then, when you hear?"

"Yes, every thing. I have ordered your carriage—Good night!"

It will not be supposed that Honoria was very capable of arranging her thoughts, after such a scene as this: but her whole soul, at once, and with a decision which she could not have reached by the most diligent self-questioning, rejected the imputation that Mrs. Hartenfield had fastened upon her. Eight months before, if she had been taxed as severely, it is probable that she would have detected in herself certain grateful feelings to Captain Marryatt, which, in a heart not very accurately parcelled out, might easily have been confused with more tender emotions; but during that time she had yielded to a fascination which, if not more absorbing than love, is at least more exclusive. Reverence for a woman who understood the secrets of her character, who was her superior in age, experience, and strength of mind, and whom she believed to be so in every gift, had, in a measure, destroyed her capacity for any other attachment. No regard she had ever entertained for Captain Marryatt could combat with such a sentiment; and she could conscientiously assure herself that the dialogue in Mrs. Harten-

field's drawing-room had wrought in her heart more indignation than sympathy.

But though she was perfectly innocent of this charge, it tended to lessen the bitterness of self-accusation respecting Eustace. The violent emotion of Mrs. Hartenfield, made more remarkable by her abstinence from all ordinary profession, and the courage with which she laid bare what she believed to be her friend's weakness, greatly increased Honoria's attachment to her, and for a time made every duty seem light in comparison with that of relieving her from false impressions and real sorrow. She reproached herself with having alluded to the subject, and she determined to repair her fault by every means in her power.

CHAPTER II.

"Wherein have you played the knave with Fortune, that she should scratch you, who is herself a good lady?"

All's Well that ends Well.

For a few minutes after Rumbold's departure our hero sat perfectly motionless, trying, with little success, to think over the events of the last half-hour. Then it suddenly struck him that it would be very desirable to see Miss Duncan before the servant arrived. He went to the door; it was fastened. He called aloud to Fanny; but for some time he could get no answer; at length a sleepy voice said, "What do you want?"—"I want you to let me in."

"Oh no—no," said the other occupant, in a voice of bitter supplication, "do not, there's a dear child—do not."

"I can't," said Fanny, "else I would, to please you;—but it is locked on the outside."

"On the outside?"

"Yes, we are shut in."

"Good heavens!" said Eustace; "he has taken the key!—Fanny!" he exclaimed, "take all the care you can of the young lady for an hour, and tell her that by that time there will be a chaise to carry her to your aunt Hartenfield's."

A faint sob from the Quakeress signified that she had heard the words, and did not know how much faith to place in them.

He had no time to give her any assurances, as a gentle ring at the bell announced the arrival of the footman.

The last twinkling of the lamp in the hall had now disappeared, so that Mr. Johnson was not aware to whom he was indebted for his admission. He came in with a slow stealthy step, and said, looking round him, "Is all right?" but staggered back half a dozen paces, when he heard a strange voice. "Mr. Rumbold has left a note for you," said Conway, without attending to his emotion. "You can either take it with you, or read it in the parlour, where there is a light." He walked into the room, sat down on the sofa, and began to read the Quarterly Review.

Mr. Johnson stood doubtfully in the passage for a minute, but at length availed himself of the offer, and followed Conway into the parlour, with

many apologies in the first style of liveried politeness for his intrusion, read through the note, then bowed, and withdrew.

Though our hero felt some slight curiosity to know how far Mr. Johnson was concerned in Rumbold's plot, he did not raise his eyes from the book to examine the man's countenance. He followed him, however, to the door, and, beckoning the watchman, said something about his rattle and a chaise, which he intended to be overheard. Mr. Johnson turned round to him with a smile of extreme respect and complaisance, uttered another apology, and walked quietly across the street.

Eustace returned into the room, and, having proved the impossibility of composing himself to meditation, endeavoured to interest himself in reading. As any one can do this if he will, even in the most agitating moments of his existence, he had actually lost all recollection of Miss Duncan, Rumbold, and himself, when he was roused by a tremendous knocking at the door. Immediately after, the watchman, as directed, sprung his rattle. He was less surprised at the assault, than at the formality of it; and it seemed just possible that some friend of Miss Duncan's might have discovered her hiding-place. He demanded the names of his besiegers. The answer was an assurance that, unless they were admitted immediately, the

door would be broken open. Trusting in the co-operation of the police, he at first determined upon resistance; but the second summons to surrender was delivered in a snuffing voice, which he at once recognised.

"If Mr. Hartenfield is without, I will open the door immediately," said Eustace.

"I am he," said the same voice.

He removed the chain, and the next moment four of the gentlemen with whom he had been dining that day, rushed into the passage, followed by Johnson.

"I am rejoiced to see you, Mr. Hartenfield," said our hero. Miss Duncan has been overturned in a carriage, and is now in that room:—a chaise will shortly be here, for the purpose of conveying her to your house."

"Yes," said Mr. Hartenfield, stammering, "we are acquainted with some of the particulars already;—did you say Miss Duncan was in this room?"

"If she is," said one of the gentlemen, "she has taken the precaution of locking the door, and I am afraid we shall have some difficulty in persuading her to open it."

"Miss Duncan, my dear," said Mr. Hartenfield, "you know my voice;—I hope, if you are within, you will admit me."

"Oh!—art thou there, friend Hartenfield?—pray—pray let me out!"

"But you must let me in, my dear."

"Oh, there's that nasty Mr. Hartenfield. I'll hide behind the curtain," said Fanny.

"It is clear," said the gentleman who had spoken before, "that the door is locked on the outside."

"And it must have been done by some one," said Mr. Hartenfield, glancing at Conway.

"You seem to refer to me for information. I have not the key, but I should recommend that the door be broken open."

"Not the key, Mr. Conway!—is there any male in this house but yourself?"

He hesitated a moment, and then said, "None."

"Is there any female?"

"There is an old woman and a little child."

Mr. Hartenfield looked at one of the gentlemen, and shrugged his shoulders: Mr. Johnson threw his eyes on the ground, with an expression of great humility.

"Do you think either of the females has the key?"

"No, I am sure they have not."

"You are sure?"

"Yes, I am sure," said Eustace, indignantly; "but what can it signify who has the key?—give

me the poker, and I will stove in the lock in a shorter time than you have been talking about it."

"The poker!" said Mr. Hartenfield, starting a few steps out of his reach; "have you a poker?"

"I do not keep one in my pocket, but I will fetch one."

"Stop him!—stop him!" cried Mr. Hartenfield.

"Who dares to hold me?" said Eustace, swinging back his arm, and striking one of the gentlemen a severe blow on the chest. "I beg your pardon," he said immediately after; "I see you are acting under a delusion, and I am very sorry if my violence has hurt you. I trust, gentlemen," he continued, turning round to the party, "that you will at least allow one, who a few hours ago was sitting at the same table with you, the privilege of explaining his conduct. But I waive even that right, in which my character is so deeply interested, till you have rescued Miss Duncan. If you are afraid of an interruption from me, I place myself under the care of these two gentlemen, who I beg will take every precaution they think necessary for the safety of themselves and the rest of the party."

The poker was then procured, and they proceeded to work, Mr. Hartenfield superintending the operation at a little distance, and at each

blow suggesting that a mistake had been made in the direction which was given to the last, and making some useful observations upon the mechanical powers. The union of his scientific wisdom with the muscular strength which was contributed by two of the other gentlemen, at length accomplished the purpose; and Miss Duncan was discovered sitting on the sofa, her face covered with her hands as if she were listening with intense interest to every blow of the poker, but not daring to look lest she should find that the strokes were ineffectual. The smile upon her face was very slight when they entered, and it was immediately hidden in a plentiful shower of tears. Her features then became rigid, and exhibited something of their habitual primness: they retained that expression only a moment, for she raised her eyes, and saw Conway. Whose face it was, she probably did not recollect; it was the first she had seen on entering the house: she shrieked, and fell into hysterics. One of the gentlemen ran to her assistance, the rest stood looking strangely at Eustace. He raised his hand to his head, and for an instant seemed almost distracted; then at once his expression changed to one of calm sternness, which made the eyes of those who were staring at him to quail. "The sooner we take her away the better," said one of

the gentlemen. "I think," said Mr. Hartenfield, "Mr. Conway told us that he had ordered a chaise."

"Sir," said Mr. Johnson, tripping lightly across the room, "the chaise you were speaking of has been here some minutes; the post-boy is in the passage, if any gentleman would like to speak with him."

Eustace eagerly requested that he might be catechized about the place of his destination.

They went into the passage, the door of which was already open.

"But how comes it to be a post-boy?" inquired one of the party.

"And there is another, and four horses," said a second, looking out.

"What is the meaning of that?" said Mr. Hartenfield.

The boy scratched his head, and looked stupid.

"Answer directly, you villain," roared Eustace.

"Please your honour, maister an't answerable for what his horses are wanted for."

"No, certainly not; but what were your orders?—who sent for you?—how long ago?"

"Please your Honour, it's about half an hour ago, that a man came to us, who said that the watchman had told him to order a chaise-and-four

for a young gentleman that was wanting to go to Barnet directly."

"To go where?"

"To Barnet, your Honour."

"Villain!" said Eustace, turning to Johnson.

"Indeed, sir," said the footman, whispering loudly, "I should be most happy to assist you in any ordinary plans, but Miss Duncan is such a favourite of my mistress, that I could not wink at an affair of the kind about her."

Whilst he was uttering these words, the young lady, to whom they related, was handed into the chaise; and an elderly gentleman of the party undertook to present her to Mrs. Hartenfield. The rest accompanied Conway into the other room.

His first thought was to summon Fanny Rumbold; but he remembered that Mr. Hartenfield was acquainted with her face, and that thus he might be the means of betraying her brother. The same fear rendered it impossible for him to make the frank explanation of his conduct which he had promised. Still he hoped to involve Mr. Johnson in some contradictions, which would destroy the credit of his story.

"Gentlemen," he said, when they were seated, "it is evident that I labour under your evil opinion. Knowing myself innocent, you may imagine that I feel somewhat irritated at the con-

struction which you have put upon my conduct ; nevertheless, I acquit you of all injustice, for circumstances have turned out in a manner to warrant the foulest suspicions. But if I may be allowed fairly to ask the person who I conjecture is the contriver of this whole scheme for the ruin of (he was going to say, Miss Duncan, but he changed the word to) my character, I think I shall be able to prove that the most unfortunate series of accidents could not have given this colour to the proofs against me, unless the deepest villany had conspired with them. You told me, Mr. Hartenfield, that you had heard an account of Miss Duncan's accident, and the cause of it, before you came hither—Might I be acquainted with the particulars which have come to your knowledge ?”

“ You see, Mr. Conway,” said the little man, snuffling beyond his wont, “ the difficulty is here. A carriage going to Wimbledon breaks down full half-a-mile to the right of the bridge by St. James's Park. Now, though I can remember twenty years ago, when the streets were lighted with very bad oil, that such accidents as turning wrong corners were of frequent occurrence ; yet the introduction of gas—and I do not know any part of the town in which the lighting is more excellent than about Charing Cross—I believe it is

oil-gas, which I shall always maintain to be better than coal—has removed all apprehensions of that kind."

"How did it break down?" said Conway, impatiently.

"Really, Mr. Conway, I rather expected information, on that subject, from you, as Miss Duncan is indebted to you for her rescue."

"Nevertheless, I am anxious to know what account my accusers give of the accident. If I understand your words correctly, they charge me with contriving it."

"Miss Duncan's coachman having disappeared."

"Where is the footman?" asked Conway.

"We cannot find that he was there."

"From whom do you obtain your knowledge of the circumstance?"

"The extreme darkness of the streets in Westminster," said Mr. Hartenfield,—“a darkness of which I had no notion till I walked there this evening; some of them I will certainly indict, for it is a shame that, while light is spreading every where else, the neighbourhood of His Majesty's ministers, the future neighbourhood of His Majesty himself, should be so obscure;—I say the extreme darkness of the streets in Westminster accounts for a fact which would be otherwise incredible,

that the coachman of Miss Duncan (not to mention Miss Duncan herself) vanished either through the crowd, or while it was collecting !”

“ I asked you, sir, where you heard the story ? ”

“ In the bottom of the carriage, Mr. Conway, lay a book—I presume it must have been jolted from the seat, for, as it was in a Russia binding, it is to be presumed that a careful person—Quakers are usually very careful—would not have placed it open upon its face in the bottom of the carriage. In this book was written ‘ Caroline Duncan, from her affectionate friend Elizabeth Hartenfield.’ On the previous page—I say the previous page, for Mrs. Hartenfield has a bad plan of writing on the tops of title-pages—were our arms with our residence, Upper Brook Street, marked underneath. A man who discovered this book appears to have possessed more sagacity than could be expected in a person casually selected from a crowd : (twenty years ago, Mr. Williams, the chances are, that the man would have been able to read,—how thankful we should be for the progress of education !) he brought it to our house, intimating at the same time that the carriage which contained it had been dragged into the King’s Arms.”

“ We accompanied this man to the place of

the accident," said one of the gentlemen. "In the course of our walk we met Mr. Hartenfield's footman, who told us that a strange accident had made him acquainted with the place of Miss Duncan's concealment ; and the name —"

"Of her abducer," said Eustace ;—"delicacy in the use of words is quite superfluous. Did he mention what that accident was—if not, you will desire him to mention it, Mr. Hartenfield ?"

"If I might be excused—," said Johnson.

"Sir, I insist," said Eustace.

"Mention it, Johnson," said his master.

"If my master bids me," said Johnson, "I must ; but I should not allude to it of my own accord. The house we are now in, gentlemen, belongs to a woman whom I knew in former times. I trust I may be excused for describing her occupation very particularly." Mr. Johnson blushed.

"To a woman, you wretch ?"

"Does it not, sir?" said the man, looking up with an inquiring smile.

Eustace gnawed his lips till they bled.

"When I rang at the hall-door," resumed the footman, "I was let in by this gentleman, which rather surprised me, as I had seen him going out of my master's house only a few hours before, just at the time Miss Duncan's carriage stood there.

He told me that I could not see the woman whom I wanted : I was going away—but, just as I passed the door of the other room, I heard a voice which I seemed to have heard before, crying very bitterly ; and when I happened to meet my master looking for Miss Duncan, it was natural that I should tell him where I thought she might be."

There was a long silence after the man had finished his narration, which no one seemed willing to interrupt. Eustace looked round the company with flashing eyes, and saw in each face a steady look of complete satisfaction. If there was any exception, it was in Mr. Hartenfield's physiognomy, which could not be quite cured of the restlessness and timidity which were habitual to it. Whether to give Eustace another chance, or merely because he felt awkward, and wished to say something, he remarked "that, at least, Mr. Conway might inform them whether the house did belong to the woman Johnson spoke of, or not."

"I cannot—I will not," said Eustace, springing up, overturning Mr. Hartenfield, knocking down the footman, and running out at the door, which opened outward. He gained the street. The night was very dark, and he ran with prodigious quickness. One of the gentlemen who pursued

was within a yard of him : Eustace drew up suddenly against the corner of the street, and the person at his heels passed by without observing him. He then plunged into a dark alley, and was soon safe from any risk of immediate detection.

CHAPTER III.

I will not lose

My former virtue : my integrity
Shall not yet forsake me : but, as the wild ivy
Spreads and thrives better in some piteous ruin
Of tower, or defaced temple, than it does
Planted by a new building,—so shall I
Make my adversity my instrument
To wind me up into a full content.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

READER ! I dare say you fancy that it is a very unpleasant thing, to be a suspected criminal and outcast,—to spend a cold and rainy night in wandering about dreary streets alone, or with companions more wretched than yourself,—to know of no refuge for your person,—to have no means of purging your character,—to be sure that your dearest friends will believe the worst of you,—to dread the daylight more than the darkness : if Eustace Conway's experience may be taken for a rule in such cases, you are quite mistaken. The five hours which he passed after his flight from Rumbold's, were hours which all but a few (how few !) contented minds would have envied him

A wild glee possessed his spirits, which he had never experienced before, and which a man is not intended to experience more than once or twice in his life. He felt free of the universe, lightened of a burden which had lain upon him since infancy—one to whom no cloud or storm could henceforth come amiss. He had the strangest successions of thoughts—some of them fierce, some of them calm, some sublime, some exquisitely ludicrous, but not one that could be called unhappy. His political dreams returned to him without their dulness and trivialities, nor even in his brightest moments had he so much hope for the world as then. He fought for the regeneration of Spain, and prevailed. At his bidding the old republics of Italy rose again. He headed a party of *kleptæ*, and they were changed from merciless ruffians into high-minded assertors of their country's freedom. He was one of a chosen band of brothers, and they laid the foundation of an immortal pantisocracy. When he was a member of society, every day steeled him to greater hatred of his kind; but in solitude and desolation he recovered the links which bound him as a man to the universe.

About three o'clock, he was walking through one of the narrow streets in Soho, when his attention was attracted by a young woman of slight

and graceful figure, and, if the dim light did not deceive him, neat and plain dress, who was walking very quickly in the opposite direction to himself. A fancy struck him that he had seen her before, though where he could not recollect. He managed his pace so as to meet her just as she passed under a lamp. The girl turned her eyes for a moment in his direction, started, and, he thought, seemed about to speak to him ; but if so, she changed her mind, and walked quicker than before. An unaccountable fear withheld him from speaking, though the light which fell upon her features assured him that he had not been mistaken in his conjecture. He mused for some moments who she might be ; and then, as if urged by an impulse which he could not resist, ran down the street which he supposed she had entered. But either he was mistaken, or the girl had made some other turning since, for he could see nothing of her. Still it seemed to him that she must be found, and he did not cease looking for her till he had reached the bottom of Drury Lane. It had not occurred to him whither he was going ; but he now recollected, that it was not very wise for him to appear in such a public place as the Strand, even by night ; and he began to retrace his steps. At that moment, he caught a view of the girl coming out of an alley, a few

yards nearer to Somerset House than he was. He darted along the other side of the street to that which she took, crossed it, and met her just at the corner of Wellington Street, before she observed him. She started with far more terror than before, and said, almost with a shriek,—“Are you there again?”

“Are we friends?” said Eustace, joining her; “at any rate we are wanderers. In which direction are you going?”

“I am going home,” said the girl.

“Home!—have you a home? I had forgotten there was such a word in the language. But have we not met before?”

“You had forgotten there was such a word?” said the girl, eyeing him intently.

“Nearly:—I do not happen to have one at present, and it is not likely I shall again. I am glad to find that you are more fortunate.”

“My speech may tell you that there is no home for me here,” said the girl.

“That charmed me the first moment you opened your lips. Oh! it is delightful to meet one who has breathed some purer air than that of this English pest-house.”

“The air is not very close here,” said the girl, pulling her cloak round her;—“but I like it.”

“Do you,—and the storm?”

"It suits me very well."

"I knew we should be good society," said Conway. "But yet," he added, in a compassionate voice, "I had rather that I were the only person whom it suited. I should be supremely happy to-night, if there were not beings around me made of the same clay with myself; and some of them," he added, looking at his companion, "graceful and lovely, whom my heart bleeds to think of."

"Leave me, sir; you cannot accompany me where I am going," she said, looking down.

He was struck by the tones of her voice.

"I am in a strange mood to-night," he said; "but I never felt less inclined to harm a living creature. Yet if you heard my story, you would know that I had been rather hardly treated by Fortune, and by my fellow-creatures too."

"One that has friends to care for him need not talk of hard treatment."

"I have not one that will care for me to-morrow morning; or but one!"

"The love of that one will support you. Do not change it for any thing on earth."

Eustace started. "Merciful heaven!" he exclaimed, "why did you remind me of that?—I thought I was happy till now!"

The girl stood still, and looked into his face.

"Are you really banished from home?" she said.

"Is not your name ---?"

"My name is of no consequence, but listen to me. I am not ^{here} for the reasons which you impute to me; and if you had addressed me in the language I expected, I should have left you to more suitable companions. In the house where I lived yesterday, lies the corpse of my father. You will judge whether the invitation I am going to give you is of the same kind with others which you may have received this night. If you are seeking for shelter from any pursuers, you shall have it there, for the sake of that love which you believe you have lost."

"I see it all!" exclaimed Eustace; "in her name I accept your kind, generous offer; and believe this—by what name shall I call you?—that whatever Honoria may think of me, her affection for you is unchanged."

The girl burst into tears.

"The house," she said, "is in the New Road;—we must turn away from this street."

Eustace was about to ask why she had told him that she was on her way home, when they first met; but another thought interrupted it.

"I am very wrong, Francisca," he said; "may I venture to call my sister's friend by so familiar

a name?—you will be harbouring one who is accused of a dreadful crime.”

“Answer me one question frankly; it will make no difference in my resolution—Are you guilty of it?”

“Upon my honour I am not.”

“Thank you. Let us proceed.”

“I must not.”

“God orders it,” said the girl, with tremendous energy, “and you cannot resist—.”

He followed her as if he were spell-bound.

They reached a small neat house in the New Road. Francisca opened the door, and went in softly.

“There is only one living person in the house,” she said—“a boy: he is asleep up-stairs. This shall be your room.” She led him into a neat apartment on the ground-floor, in which was a bed. “I shall spend the night with my father.”

“With your father?”

“Is a dead friend nothing, when all the living have deserted us?”

When she was gone, Conway threw himself on the bed, and, in spite of his strange situation, slept for several hours.

CHAPTER IV.

Those that are betray'd
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe.

SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN Francisca returned the next morning, her eyes were swollen with weeping, but her first thoughts were of her guest.

"This will be a safe place for you to stay in," she said, "as the shutters are closed, and there is no woman in the house except myself."

"Thank you, my kind friend; I will accept your hospitality for this one day: in the evening I will leave London."

"Have you any acquaintances to whom you can go?"

"None of whom I dare ask the kindness I am now receiving from you."

“If you are quite indifferent as to the direction which you take, I will prescribe for you ; but my motive is in part selfish : in the place I mean, you can do me a great service.”

“That is indeed a recommendation.”

“I hope it is eligible in other respects ; M—— is a small village, six miles from the coast, not in the direct road between any two towns, and about one hundred and fifty miles from London.”

“I cannot see the slightest objection to it.”

“In that village I lived nearly two years with my mistress, Lady Edward Mortimer. I could tell you long stories about her, but it is not worth the while. She had some odd fancies ; the best of them was a great regard for an old lady in the village, as unlike herself as the stillest lake is to the troubledst ocean. The lady was in straitened circumstances, and I understand, since Lord Edward's death, she has lived in the same house with his widow. Lady Edward proposed the arrangement, I dare say, partly from kindness to Mrs. Franklin, partly because she wanted a friend, and partly because she was glad to receive more society than a young widow, living alone, could receive with propriety. She has also a little boy, for whom she is endeavouring to find a tutor, and this perhaps would be another motive.”

“Did you know Mrs. Franklin ?”

"Next to my old master, Lord Edward Mortimer, whom she resembled in many respects, and your sister, she was the kindest friend I ever had,—the most gentle, the most forgiving. I shall never see her again, but I should like to send her a remembrance of my affection; and one too to the boy, whom I have nursed a thousand times, and who promised to be the image of his father. But I do not know how, unless you will be the bearer."

"I will gladly be so; but how shall I gain admittance?"

"A letter from an unfortunate servant you will find as good an introduction to Mrs. Franklin as one from a princess would be to most persons."

"We will consider it as arranged so then," said Eustace. "Can you recommend me a *nom de guerre*?"

"The commonest is the best. What do you think of Green?"

"It certainly has that merit; I will adopt it. And now, Senhora Hermanos, I would dare, even at the hazard of intrusion, to say one word respecting yourself. At this moment all thought of arrangements must, I know, be distressing; but after the proofs of love to my sister which you have given this night, the most gratifying you could have given, (unless her feelings towards me

are utterly changed,) may I not hope that my misfortune will be the means of re-uniting you?"

"It cannot be," said Francisca, turning away.

"I am speaking now," said Eustace, "more for her sake than yours—more as a brother than as a grateful friend; though I should be utterly unworthy of such a sister if I pretended to think that any man or woman would not be the better for her friendship. I know too well, alas! how much a person may become worse for losing it; but I will not conceal from you that she has of late fallen under an influence which, though not, I trust, mischievous, seems to myself and her relatives far too engrossing. I little deserve to be the instrument of reclaiming her from it, and the late event has made it impossible that I can. I know no person who can break the spell, and restore her to her family, but yourself. I have enough to thank you for already, but I believe that service would almost make me forget all the kindness I am experiencing now."

"What spell?" said Francisca, starting.

"Do you remember Mrs. Hartenfield?"

"Thank Heaven it is no worse!" said Francisca.

"Worse?"

Francisca was silent. The shutters were closed—there was no light in the room, except from a

small fire which was burning dimly. Her eyes glared brightly in the darkness, and Eustace could see that she was dreadfully agitated.

"May the saints give me strength to speak!" she said at length in a deep voice. "Mr. Conway, it was not for a light thing that we met last night. A hundred other places would have afforded you the asylum you have found here. But God ordained it in his providence that I might be spared yet a short time longer; and if there is no salvation for me at last, that I might speak a warning to one whom he loves. Last night as I kneeled by my father's corpse I was able to pray. Oh, how wonderful it is to find that strength again after it has gone for months away from us! and I besought him who could hear me, that my life might not have been preserved in vain."

"Your life!"

"You saved it!—Oh, where should I be now if I had added that sin to all the former!"

"How strangely is the web of our life spun!" said Eustace. "A hundred times during the last six months have I meditated that act from which I was destined last night to save a fellow-creature."

Francisca stared at him. "I fear you less now," said she, after a pause.

"Then, since we are partners in misfortune, in

crime, if crime it be to exchange one state of death for another—”

“Oh! talk not of exchange,” exclaimed Francisca. “When I met you last night, every thing within me was torpid; I felt nothing, cared for nothing; but the moment one affection of my soul was awakened, I knew there could be no exchange. The body alone made me insensible. If I had thrown that away, as I longed to do, the living death which I was flying from must have been immortal.”

Eustace could realize the meaning of these words—“how horrible!” he thought within himself. Our own experience witnesses in favour of the most merciless articles in popular creeds, their comforts it proclaims to be deceptions. The thought oppressed him, and he could not resume the conversation. His companion broke the silence.

“Did any one ever think of suicide, Mr. Conway, who was only oppressed by the heaviest external afflictions?”

“I think—I do not know,” said Eustace.

“The confession that there was a deeper wound in the heart than mere sorrow ever made, would be nothing from you. Men are privileged.”

“That is not my faith,” said Eustace, “though I have as much interest in holding it as the rest of

my sex. But I never could persuade myself that any partner I might have in crime was bound to blush more deeply than I was."

"Your notion is a strange one, sir. Few men hold it, no woman can. We have no need, no leisure to inquire how some offences become worse in us than in you. We know they are, and that is sufficient. But what does it signify? I have a commission to perform; and though it make me appear vile in your eyes, I shall be viler, if I do not execute it. You ask me why I cannot be your sister's servant; and what worse danger threatens her than the friendship of Mrs. Hartenfield? My own story shall answer both questions.

"I am going to make a confession, sir," said Francisca, "not that I may excite your pity, but that I may warn you against a danger; and why should I tell you any thing that does not concern it? What I once was, is of no consequence; one day of my life made all that preceded it a blank, and it is an idle task to restore the lost characters of the past. I tried once, that there might be fewer secrets between me and that dear friend for whose sake I am now recalling incidents which will never be erased; but it was a fruitless blundering narration, and I could not continue it. Time gives us courage, sir; and as the threads break one by

one, which bind us to others, we begin to care less about ourselves.

“ I was seventeen years of age on the day of which I speak. It had been one of strange excitement—at first of the noblest, loftiest kind ; afterwards, of that produced by intense peril. Chance threw me into the hands of a villain, from whom I had the worst of horrors to apprehend. It was on the Guadalquivir, and it was night. I never knew the mode of my rescue. I fainted just as a boat for which I had long looked with a faint hope, reached that in which I was, and for half an hour I knew nothing more. When I came to myself, I was in another boat, supported by a gentleman, whom, from his pronunciation, I knew to be an Englishman. He was managing the boat himself, and I cannot tell how he contrived to take charge of me at the same time. His handkerchief was tied round his hand, and I saw that it was bloody ; but this he tried to hide from me. He did not say much ; but what words he uttered were gentle, and his voice was sweet. Mr. Conway, I shall tell a simple tale, not hiding my own sin, nor accusing him. If the world’s morality is right, I was the only criminal. He did not tempt me ; he was willing to have saved me. But who expects a man to be strong

when a girl is weak? Who fancies, because he is bound to protect her against all other enemies, that he has any commission to shield her from himself? Who does not suppose that his responsibility ends where God meant it to begin? I looked at him twice, and twice he turned away; but when we were about to part, I lingered and looked again, and that look was answered.

“ I thought it barbarity at first; I believed it to be prudence and kindness mixed afterwards, that he insisted upon sending me back to my friends. He committed me to an old Spanish servant, (who gave a correct version of my accident, only attributing the rescue to himself instead of his master,) and left Seville. The first day was one of unutterable horror; the next some nuns, who had been with me when I was seized by the ruffian, called to rejoice with me on my escape, and to press on me the advantage of a conventual life. I know not what answer I returned, the shock at the moment was awful; but afterwards it operated rather to deaden remorse than to excite it. I thought that I might have been guilty of a more dreadful crime; I might have broken my vows; and the feeling of not being detected—oh! how that hardens! In general, you know, my unmarried countrywomen have few opportunities of seeing society; but I had

been educated differently. My father's chief friends were among the Irish and English, and with them I associated with about as much freedom as if I had been one of themselves; now I mixed wholly with them, and I would, if I could, have forgotten that I had a country.

“What a time of rapid learning that was, sir! I saw more strange novelties, and observed them more quickly, in one month, than in all my life before; a world of phantoms seemed suddenly revealed to me, — lights fell on familiar objects and made them new, — hosts of fire-flies whirled, and whizzed, and glittered about me. One spot only lay in shadow, but that spot contained all my early recollections — all the legends of infancy — all my mother's smiles, and tears, and prayers — and it contained me too, sir, — I was amongst these lost memories; and while all this shower of knowledge was raining around me, it seemed as if I was not there to appropriate a single gem.

“I was staying at this time with friends; my father, being a member of the Cortes, was at Madrid. Soon after the invasion, and before the final removal to Cadiz, that assembly determined upon transferring its sittings to Seville. My father wrote to tell me that he was coming: my mother had been dead many years. I think I

could sooner have met her spirit than him. The expectation of it haunted me for five days, and once or twice I took doses of laudanum in hopes of driving it away; but his form came to me in dreams more clear and dreadful than I had seen it in my waking hours.

“When he arrived, he was low and discontented. He complained of every party in the state, and said that they intended to betray it. His whole soul was wrapt up in his country and his daughter, and he knew that the first was lost. Sometimes his displeasure, which increased every day as the measures which he supported in the Cortes were rejected, vented itself on me. He spoke more sternly to me than he had ever done—though many sorrows in early life, and still more, a taint in his blood, had given some harshness to his character. I thought he was learning to hate me, and once (could you believe it?) I prayed that he might!—but then he would express the most vehement fondness, and that was terrible.

“It was within two weeks of his return to Seville that he called me to him, and said: ‘Francisca, I am going to leave you—most likely for ever. My country is undone, and he must be a madman who thinks that he can save it. I am not that madman; but I have enough of Spanish blood in my veins, all muddy as they tell you it is, to

covet the honour of dying for it. I shall join the Empecinado : he, at least, will not reproach me for that pollution.' I conjured him by the memory of my mother, and by all that was dear to him on earth, not to go. He stopped me short,—
' Francisca, your remonstrances will do no good ; but by complying with one request, you will make me as happy as a man without a home or a country can be.' I promised to obey his command, whatever it might be. ' No,' he said, ' your obedience shall be the dictate of your reason. You are here without an efficient protector ; in a short time the French will enter the town, and license—unlimited, universal license—may, for aught I know, be the law. It would be consistent in those who overturn a nation's institutions for the sake of upholding social order, to make it so. Where can you go ? what will become of you ? If, for your sake, I were to sacrifice the dearest wish of my heart—and I will do so, unless you comply with my request—the house of a Constitutionalist will be a poor refuge from French or Spanish violence. Francisca, you must marry. To one educated after the ordinary manner of your countrywomen, I need not speak twice on the subject ; but your mother has taught you that the sacrament of marriage is the most sacred of all the sacraments, and that you are not to enter into

it with any light thoughts of enjoying greater freedom than you now possess. I therefore should be loth to urge it on you, if you had not half informed me before I left Seville last year that the young Irishman, *Hermanos*,—(his name was Herman, but being quite a naturalized Spaniard, he took the termination)—‘who has long sought your hand, has a share in your heart also. Hitherto I have objected to him, as a foreigner, and because his principles inclined to Absolutism; now I consider those his greatest recommendations,—for they will be the best protection to you. If you will, dearest, I shall be happy; for I shall be as sure that you will be safe as that you will be virtuous. If not——’

“I need not describe to you the scene that followed; I need not tell you by what sacred names I implored him to spare me; I need not tell you what a curse he threatened to pronounce on my disobedience. That curse I could have defied with a spirit like his own; but when he took my hand—when he spoke of me as the only being left on earth that he could love—when I saw big drops rolling down his iron cheeks—when he pressed me to his bosom, then pushed me off a little and smiled at me, and divided the locks on my forehead, and kissed it—oh! it was too much. The

consciousness of a heavy crime seemed less dreadful than offending him. I could deceive a man who loved me, and for whom I felt sincere esteem, rather than add one drop to my father's cup of misery. He kissed me joyfully when I yielded. There were only ten days before he must depart ; within those ten days I married.

“ Previous to that time the agony of my mind was intense, and it could only find relief in a resolution which, in ignorance, I fancied it would be easy to keep—of confessing my crime to my husband ; but very soon I discovered how little I had known of myself and my own powers. He was mild, affectionate, generous ; how could I interrupt the current of his kindness as it ran towards me ?—how could I poison the fountain of joy in his own heart by such a disclosure ? Months passed on, and either through the natural deadening of love, or because the existence of a secret in the mind of one of us which the other could never know made the continuance of it impossible, he became more cold, distant, and indifferent. Upon such a one how was it possible to bestow confidence ? Thus, though I had no new temptations, the constant memory of the old guilt made my mind grow every day more guilty ; and when our hearts are alienated from all good, and nothing is

wanting but the means to make us commit evil, then surely the devil is permitted to place them within our reach.

“ My husband’s house was the resort of natives and strangers of all descriptions, and thither among others came the English gentleman. Do not suppose, sir, that there was no conflict. The soul had yielded once—but ere it sank finally, ere the seat which crime had won in it became a throne, it endured tumults and agonies that may not be spoken of.

“ Pride, fear, religion, the prayers of my mother, the love of my father, all fought for me—with me. The last survived the longest, and so intense were the tortures which it caused, that to escape them I was ready to take refuge in the crime from which they were sent to deter me. But I will not undraw the curtain that hides the workings of a guilty soul,—enough that all was in vain—that the first sin seemed like the voice of destiny pronouncing all future resistance to be worthless and hopeless. He who had first tempted me from virtue, he to whom I abandoned whatever remained of it, knew little what guilt he was committing. What reason had he to believe there was aught in me which could make the fall greater than in others of my countrywomen, over whom he had perhaps won an easy conquest? Had he

not a right to believe that the difference was in their favour, that I was the more readily yielding, the more naturally criminal? Oh! every thing spoke aloud against me; if it were possible for him to believe that love so intense as mine could dwell in a heart, which was able to abandon all that makes love the inheritance of gods instead of demons, without every one of its strings being cracked asunder in the effort—

“He could not—he did not believe it. No; though to every one else I must have seemed the lightest wretch that ever cast away the irrecoverable jewel, he knew, upon evidence which nothing could contradict, that it had been lost in the whirlpool of a passion the most devouring that ever existed in a female breast; or if his own was so icy-cold that it did not tell him so, he had soon to learn it,—when, scorning a life of tolerated crime, and hating more than I feared the winks and sneers of those who were not sympathizing enough to pity, nor virtuous enough to abhor me—loathing still more the thought of keeping up the decencies of wedlock towards him whom I had disgraced—but, above all, longing to share life and death with him for whom I had abandoned all that made my own life dear, I told him that we must fly together. Perhaps, even then, when he professed a love as devoted, if not as frantic as

my own, he only acquiesced from some feeling of honour;—perhaps even then he thought it an act of generosity to banish himself from the gay society of Seville, with an outcast;—perhaps he only consented in the hope of a speedy separation. If I had thought so, sir, that hour in which I made the proposal would have been the last of my life and his; but he consented, apparently with rapture, and in a few days we were settled at a small village on the Tagus.

“I trust, sir, few who have sinned as I did, will experience the unbounded happiness which was my lot during the first five weeks of that sinful union: I know how intensely it will aggravate the sufferings that must be their lot afterwards. During that time I had no feelings of shame, no pangs of conscience, no dreams of my father’s curse. Every hour seemed to bring with it increased enjoyment, sometimes tumultuous, sometimes even peaceable. He had lived with sisters, and professed the softer as well as the terrible affections. During those five weeks they were bestowed without measure upon me, and I believe he found, contrary to the belief of some among your countrymen, that a Spanish woman is not a mere fierce and passionate monster, but to those she loves can be gentle even as those who are more happy.

“That all the passion and gentleness which he had displayed should fade away, and that they would be succeeded by coldness and estrangement, you will easily believe. You will not wish me to trace the steps ; only be assured that I had no thought of waiting till that coldness became contempt, and that estrangement, hatred — of bribing him to love a little longer by soft speeches — of appealing at once to his honour and his conscience, by showing how all-dependent I was upon him. No — the first unequivocal symptom of alienation was enough ; from that moment I formed my resolution. Though in a foreign land, in which there was not a single being upon whom I had the slightest claim of friendship, and though I would have died sooner than return to my own, I resolved that I would free him from the society he was beginning to loathe. I thought of many schemes ; but in my state of mind, the most degrading seemed the most tempting. About four miles from us, and within two of Lisbon, resided an Irish nobleman and his lady. They had only been living there about three quarters of a year, and I had chanced to hear a high character of them through a servant-girl whom I had hired at first coming into Portugal. I had also seen them, and had been struck with the mild and beautiful countenance, now delicate from extreme

illness, of the nobleman. I knew that his lady was in want of a servant, and I determined to offer myself. Early one morning I set off for the house—she was absent; but my mind was braced to the effort, and I could not bear to return disappointed. I begged an interview with her lord. To the latest moment of my life I shall remember that day. Oh, how immeasurable is the power of gentleness! When I had strengthened my mind to a savage hatred of my fellow-creatures, of myself, of God, a few kind words uttered in a sympathizing voice were able to subdue the demon within me, and to draw tears from my eyes. When I left home, the thought of confidence even to a woman would have been less tolerable than the thought of the rack; yet to this nobleman, whose slave I was about to become, did I tell all my circumstances, except my name and—his.

“He suggested various plans to me; but upon my assuring him that I had made my determination, he promised that all his influence with his lady should be used in my behalf. There seemed to me something like profanation in the thought of a woman being jealous of so pure a spirit as Lord Edward Mortimer; yet I partly feared she might attribute the zeal which I knew he would exert for me, to a wrong motive, and that I might fail of my suit. But I was unjust—for this I must

say of Lady Edward Mortimer, that there never was a being less capable of indulging mean suspicions of any human creature, or whom a tale of sorrow was more likely to move. You may believe that testimony, sir, since it comes from one who never loved her.

“ There was a mistake in the note which announced my departure to ——. I care not to tell you the name, it will not be necessary. I said that he would never see me again. But we met soon. He knew Lord Edward in former years, and their acquaintance had lately been renewed, Oh, sir, that was a time of triumph! an hour worth living for, when first he saw me there—a servant! We may be scorned and trampled upon; but we have our moments of revenge, and those moments are sweet! Oh shame!” she said, interrupting herself, “ that even the remembrance of Lord Edward Mortimer and your sister will not banish these wretched thoughts.

“ I will not trouble you with the history of my servitude in Portugal. There were very strange events in it. He who had before only to answer for betraying one who first betrayed herself, proved that he was capable of far deeper villany; but on this I will be silent. I should have to speak ill of one whom I wish to spare, and I trust my own narrative will be sufficient for my pur-

pose. We came to England, and settled in the village of M——. I said I did not love Lady Edward, but she was kind, and her friend Mrs. Franklin, whom she permitted me to see frequently, treated me as if I had been a daughter. I will not profane the word happiness—but my condition was very tolerable till the following autumn, when we left M—— for a watering-place. One morning when I was walking on the beach there, I saw a horrible vision; it was of a man who had been a servant of my husband, and, not through any arrangement of mine, had assisted me in my flight. I determined not to stir out of the house; but the next day he offered himself as a servant to Lord Edward, and was accepted. I thought it seemed a judgment of Heaven to humble me, because I was happier than I had a right to be, and I determined to bear the sight of him. I might have expected the result. My own servant—oh, sir, must I tell you this?" (she covered her face with her hands and sobbed) "but what punishment is too horrible or low for the fallen!—my own servant thought he had a right to ask a price for his secrecy.

"My life has been little better than a series of flights. It was then that I betook myself to that theatre-manager, from whom your sister redeemed me. The time I passed with him was nearly the

most wretched in my life; but what joy and tranquillity succeeded it! Lord Edward Mortimer and Mrs. Franklin had done me good, but they did not actually give me a new life, as your sister seemed to do. In watching her progress, I felt almost as if my past years had been given back to me, and I was permitted to live them through again in the experience of another. I observed her innocence, approaching so fearlessly the very edge of what were yawning gulfs to me, till I half believed myself to be innocent. I heard her talk, though in the language of another faith from my own, about a deliverance from all wretchedness, till I could nearly stretch out my hand to grasp it.

"These visions are gone, sir—gone for ever. A deeper and more dreadful stain is now upon this soul than the one which I then dreamed away. O Heaven! I have sunk into mercenary crime."

She could not speak again for many minutes.

"You must hear me to the end," she resumed at length; "for without it all is in vain. About two months before his death, Lord Edward Mortimer passed through London, with the servant whom I have mentioned. The man probably gained some vague knowledge of my situation. He left Lord Edward's place, and hired himself to a gentleman

in London. Of this I knew nothing. On a certain day, when that gentleman's carriage was at your door, I happened to be crossing the hall. He ran in and seized my hand. I had not an instant to speak before he whispered words in my ear, which forced me to listen even to him. They are for your ear now, sir: listen to them, and do not too hastily believe them idle—'Your mistress and your —— are to be married.' "

"The wretch meant Honoria!" said Eustace, starting up.

"Would to Heaven that falsehood was built upon no truth!—but signs, Mr. Conway, which you could not see, convinced me that there was love on that side where I should least have expected it. The report came from a person who was not likely to be wrong about her feelings; and I witnessed—with what pain you may judge—two weeks of miserable dejection, followed by extraordinary high spirits, for which she did not try to account, but which coincided exactly with a visit from the person who has been the hero of this wretched story. On that day, I threw myself in his way as he was leaving your house: he shuddered, and turned pale. The next day I received a note from him; it contained these words:—'Francisca, your father is in London—go to him—he will forgive you.' I knew not that

day what I did ; my motives I scarcely know now. There was a whirl in my brain : indistinct visions of a thousand things floated before me ;—your sister's love for that man—her anger (I had offended her)—the footman, who, even in that short conversation, had renewed his horrid proposals. But the main thought which occupied me was my father. To see him—to be with him—if I could, to die for him—was the first and greatest wish of my heart. I believe I was mad ; and I left the dearest friend I ever had without taking leave of her.

“ The remainder of my story is short ; but it will make you loathe me more than all that has preceded. If a life is ever brought into a moment, mine was into the first interview with my father. I did not allow myself a moment for thinking. I ran to the house in which he was lying—I ran to the top of the stairs—I ran into his room ; but when I entered it I sank back against the door, and stood looking at him as he lay. When we met last he was a strong, muscular man ; now, his eyes were sunk into their sockets, his lips were pale and withered—the cheek-bones almost started through the flesh. He turned his eyes upon me, and for five minutes we continued staring at each other ;—then he sprang from the bed (he had not moved from it before for

months), ran across the room to where I stood, seized my wrists, and held me out from him, 'Francisca,' he said, (the voice seemed to come from the grave,) 'I was nearly naked and rather hungry. We had some sharp fighting with the Royalists, and I had killed one or two—one priest—you used to like the priests; but I knew I should get shelter and a dinner at Senhor Hermanos'—I could be sure of that, and a sweet smile from my daughter. Do you remember how you used to kiss me when you came from school?—Oh yes, I was certain of that; but the door was fastened, you see, Francisca, and the answer was, that I might come and look for my daughter. It was not easy to do that—there was a prison or two in the way; but, Francisca, I swore that if I followed him all over the globe, I would find him. I wanted to curse him,' he whispered in my ear. 'No, no—it was not here—it was not in this room. I fetched him up higher than this; and he stood near me, and I clenched my fist, and cursed. Would you not like to have heard me?' he said, squeezing me to his bosom. I felt that he was going to curse me, sir. I had not strength to throw my arms round his neck. I pressed my face to his—he struggled twice to speak; but God was merciful to me, and sealed his lips. At last I felt a tear roll from his cheek

upon mine. I carried him to the bed, and threw myself upon him ; and I kissed him till he kissed me. I would not have changed that moment to be an empress.

“ He was lying in a comfortable lodging. I knew to whom we must be indebted for it, and I determined that he should be removed from it instantly. While I was deliberating how I could accomplish the change, a letter came directed in the hand of him from whose favours I was flying. It evidently contained money ; I returned it unopened, and determined, though I had deserved it so little, to throw myself on your sister’s kindness. One evening I went to your house, and begged that I might be allowed to speak to Miss Conway—she was engaged.” Francisca burst into tears.

“ Engaged, and you wanted to see her !” said Eustace, “ impossible—there must be some mistake in the case, or else some villany.”

“ It was—it was, sir—would to God I had thought so then !—would to God my pride had let me observe that it was another person’s servant who brought the answer !—but it came through the menial who was plotting—— Oh heavens, what a night ! I had no means of support for my father—that villain had seen me, and would discover my hiding-place, and I felt that I was

friendless. Can you hear and forgive me? A gentleman who had been dining at your house joined me, and I consented that my father should occupy a house which he hired."

"That villanous woman!" exclaimed Eustace, "she must have sent the message."

"Three days after this, your sister called at my old lodging. I had desired that no one should know where I was gone; but she left a note, saying she had heard from one of the servants that I was seen at the house, while she was from home, conjuring me to return, and telling me that her heart, her house, and her purse were mine. The words melted me to tears even then, when they were all in vain."

"Oh no, not in vain, Francisca: only do not distress yourself so bitterly, with the memory of a sin which had such extraordinary palliations—and the only occasion for it need not, shall not continue any longer."

"Sir," said Francisca, "if the stain which sin leaves, could be removed as soon as we desist from it, I should have become a happy being three months ago. I told the partner in my vile connexion, whose kindness and gentleness prevented me from loathing him, that I could feel no love for him, that it was to save a father from destruction I yielded to his proposals, and that I

would not endure the disgrace an instant after that tie to it was dissolved. Hear, sir, how strangely that event happened. The money which would have saved me from ruin, and which I had returned, came back in a letter differently directed ; and on opening it, I discovered that it was not a present from him whom my father had cursed, but a legacy from a dear friend. Since that time, I have passed days and nights of bitterness, such as few sinners know. The duty of attending my father was the only comfort I had ; and how that was poisoned by the thought of the price which I had paid for it !—yet it was a comfort—oh how I felt the loss of it ! when I closed his eyes, the whole world was a blank. I have heard persons give descriptions of their feelings at such times : I had none to describe. It was an agony of destitution—an utter vacancy. I was startled from it by the same wretch who had given me so many horrible impulses before. On the evening of yesterday, I was out for a moment ; he saw me, and nodded to me. The sight of him was like an electric shock to a dead body. I came here, and left directions for my father's funeral, which was to take place to-night. I felt that the privilege of attending it was too great for me—wrote two notes, one to your sister, and went out to seek the death from which you rescued me.”

CHAPTER V.

Therewith he mured up his mouth along,
And therein shut up his blasphemous tongue,
For never more defaming gentle knight,
Or unto lovely lady doing wrong.

SPENSER.

THE situation of Eustace Conway was a dangerous one. Libertines are very harmless when they are in personal peril. Alice, in Woodstock, need not have feared to accompany Charles through the park. But our hero was not constituted like them. A sense of danger, while it called out the rashness of his character, and made him very reckless of consequences, did not the least weaken the quickness of his perception or the activity of his feelings. We have seen that the night which he had passed as an outcast was one of lively excitement; and at the instant when in the natural course of things that excitement

would have passed into languor or despondency, he was thrown into the society of a beautiful woman, all whose circumstances had a tendency to awaken his pity and diminish his awe.

Very strange things passed through his mind during her narrative. One part of it inspired him with a sudden and strong interest in her, which had nearly broken forth into passionate language ; then he asked himself deliberately why two outcasts, to whom the world was not a friend, nor the world's law, might not together defy them both ; and, lastly, the still wilder but more generous question occurred to him, "what is there so good or so fortunate in me, that I should not consider it a high honour instead of a disgrace to restore this noble being to herself and to society ?"

If any of these thoughts had gained an ascendancy, it might have been perilous ; but they held each other, as it were, in balance, and a strange host of opposite feelings, which sought for utterance, kept him silent. There was a sacredness about Francisca's present circumstances which deterred him from speaking a word that could be mistaken, yet how could he say any thing that would not have been vague and purposeless ? It was now, too, impossible to urge her sincerely, as at first, to renew her connexion with Honoria ; for though he felt that he could suffer no pollution, even from

marriage with Francisca, he was not equally satisfied to recommend her as a friend to his sister.

Francisca perhaps conjectured that such thoughts, at least, as the last of these were passing in Conway's mind; for no sooner had she concluded her story, than she left the house to make, as she said, arrangements for her father's funeral.

When she returned she said to Eustace, "My father will be buried at dusk in the ground at Moor-fields. If you will consent to be one of the mourners, you can afterwards put on a coarse military cloak and foraging-cap, which I will give you; take a chaise from Moor-fields, and reach D—— about one o'clock in the morning. A coach, not from London, will pass through that place shortly after, which runs within eight miles of M——. When you reach D——, you may resume your own dress without danger."

"And will you return to this solitary house, my kind and provident friend?"

"No," said Francisca, hastily; "I shall sleep at the house of the priest. He and his sister have been very kind to my father during all his illness. That is settled," she said.

"But afterwards?" said Eustace.

"Perhaps I shall continue there—perhaps—nunneries, you know, are not shut against the penitent."

"Still that you should leave——"

"Hush! there is a knock at the door; and the boy, who does not know of your being here, is coming down to answer. Go into that closet."

"I shall overhear your conversation," said Eustace.

"You can hear nothing worse of me than you know," said Francisca.

Eustace heard the front door open and close. A soft step entered the room;—Francisca uttered a faint scream, but, instantly recovering herself, she said, in a voice which Eustace understood was meant for him as well as for the intruder, "I do not want you, when I do I will give you notice."

"Sweet! you are not my lady now," was the answer, in a voice with which Eustace had good reason to be familiar.

"Do you want any thing?" said Francisca. "I paid you your full wages when you were in my service."

"Yes, and a little extra—for particular services. Do you remember, mistress, a gold piece or two for a business out of the usual line?"

"You had enough," said Francisca, in a choked voice, "whatever you did."

"Why, as to that," said the man, "it is a question about what people think enough. But you

know, mistress, I never made any fuss about the money : any little help of mine at any time is quite at your command, and so it is now, pretty lady ; for though we are both servants—I mean we were till that odd affair—I would do any thing to oblige you."

" I told you before, that I have nothing for you to do."

" No, perhaps ; but if I were to tell you something that is done already, I wonder what you would say to that."

The man did not receive an answer, but he presently continued—

" Suppose now I was to tell you that the person whom you hate most in all the world had got into some terrible mess, and I had a little bit of a hand in making it for her ?"

" *Her !*" said Francisca.

" Yes—her—her—her that's in love with him—do you take my meaning now ?"

" Yes," said Francisca, " I begin to see now what you mean :—and you have brought her into great trouble, have you ?"

" I thought I should make somebody change her tone a little : why, it isn't just herself, you see, but it is the next thing to herself that's got into a very pretty pickle indeed."

" What do you mean ?"

"Her brother—her second brother."

"Ah! that was a grand thought; she will mind that very much more, very much.—What is it?"

"And she does mind it, which is more to the purpose; but I'll tell you about that presently. Do you remember a little Quaker girl that's a great deal about at my mistress's?"

"Yes."

"Well, he's charged with carrying her off."

"Has he carried her off?"

"No, no; that's the joke of it. There's where your humble servant puts in his oar. I came somehow to know a little about the matter beforehand, and I knew how it would please you, so I just played the gentleman a trick, and peached."

"You have taken him, I suppose."

"No; just at present he has slipped through our fingers, but we mean to catch, and have some fun about him before long."

"Is that all?" said Francisca.

"All!—you would not say that, if you had seen how she that you want to bring down took it to heart, when she came to my mistress's this morning. I set Miss Lucy to listen—poor little thing, I make use of her when I want to do you a service. First, when they met, my mistress says, (throwing her arms round her neck, I dare say,)

‘ My dear Honoria, what will become of you ?’ and then she told about it bit by bit. It was the primest thing in the world, Lucy says, to hear how she grew more angry at every word ; at last, she says,—‘ Who dares,’ says she, ‘ insult me with such a story ?’—‘ I—I dared,’ says my mistress ; ‘ I knew what it would cost me, but I determined to brave it all, that you might not hear this heavy tidings from any other quarter.’ Then she was melted a little at that, and she says, as piteous as possible, ‘ You will not take your friendship from me,—it is all I have in the world ;’ but she started up directly after, and says, ‘ Mrs. Hartenfield, I am certain my brother is innocent.’ My mistress was very angry at that. ‘ I see how it is, Miss Conway,’ says she, ‘ you place no confidence in me,’ says she, and she began to cry. Then the poor young lady was all off again. ‘ Yes,’ says she, ‘ I believe that you could not tell me what is not true, because I know you, and I believe my brother would not do this, because I know him.’—‘ Oh !’ says my mistress, ‘ if there was a shadow of doubt,—but there is not.’—‘ Let me see Miss Duncan,’ says the young lady.—‘ You cannot,’ says my mistress.—‘ But I must see her,’ she says ; ‘ I know there is a mistake—I will find it out.’ Then my mistress went off into hysterics, and Miss Conway knelt down by her

side to comfort her. But mark this, Mistress Hermanos, what my mistress said, when she was coming to herself, and see whether the lady isn't in almost as great a scrape as the gentleman. 'Oh! my dear Honoria,' she says, 'why do you force me to wound your feelings? why will you not take my denial, when I said you must not see Miss Duncan, instead of obliging me to tell you the reason?—Miss Duncan refuses to see you.'—'Why?' says she.—'I am almost ashamed to tell you,' says my mistress; 'but she has taken a notion, and I cannot cure her of it, that you prompted your brother to do it'—or some words like that."

"Prompted him to do it!" said Francisca. "What did she mean?"

"Why, that's the thing I did not know of before, but it's as well to be aware of it. She has had a great spite against Miss Duncan, it seems—at least she denied it, but my mistress said,—'I think,' says she, 'my dear, you must be conscious of a little ill-feeling towards her, and it is strange you should, considering she is so much your inferior in every thing.' Then the young lady seemed to be very angry with herself, and she said,—'Oh! if that were true, nobody would be my inferior; but it is not true, indeed it is not.' There is no telling whether that was not

hypocrisy, you know, and she at the bottom of it all; but my mistress does not think so, for she says directly, 'Oh now, Honoria, you are accusing me more than yourself, when you say that, for I think every one your inferior. I have given you my friendship, and you may be sure no accusations shall take it away; and I will not long bear the presence of the person that utters them either,' she says, 'as Miss Caroline should have known, if I had not some pity for her on account of this accident.' And then, when the young lady was going to put in a word, my mistress said,— 'She did not give away half hearts; when she loved, she loved thoroughly,' and some more about that; and Miss Conway cried very much, and said that she was her best friend; but it was too great a pleasure to be with her when her brother was so unhappy, so she would go home. Miss Lucy says my mistress did not like that at all; but she said, in such a tone,— 'Yes—yes!—it is very right to be a good sister;' and so they parted. Well, sweet, what do you say to that job?—do I not deserve something for it?"

"For that!" said Francisca; "no, indeed; she would have been a thousand times more unhappy, if you had let her brother carry away Miss Duncan as he wished. No, no; he that means to serve me, Mr. Johnson, must show that he

has done something. You have been only a blunderer."

"Have I though?"

"A mere blundering obstacle. Miss Conway would have wept out her eyes, if he had committed the crime."

"Well, now," said the man, drawing his chair nearer, "there's no particular reason why I should be so civil; for, you see, I've just got the house to myself, and the boy is riding my horse out there comfortably enough; but, for all that, I'd sooner we should be friends than foes."

"Friend to you, who saved Mr. Conway from being hanged!"

"Now, my pretty lady, what if it should turn out that I did not do any such thing—but that he never would have been hanged, nor would have had any chance of it if it were not for me—what would you say then?"

"If you could give me proof of that—but it is not so, for he wanted to carry off that young Quakeress, and you stopped him."

"Read that note then, and be convinced."

"That does look, certainly, as if you had done some good service. If it had not been for you,—"

"No, no, mistress, you are not going to keep that—there's hanging matter there. It is not over-safe; but for such a reward I would have

done any thing." Francisca moved her chair, and said,—

"Not yet!"

"Not yet!—yes, mistress, that won't do. No credit in these matters, if you please. Present payment is the word."

"While there is light to see your face," said Francisca, "I shall avoid you."

"The candles can soon be blown out,"

"Rake out all the cinders of that fire first. Do not leave a spark."

"All in time, my young lady, but I will lock the door first of all. There, I hope the hearth pleases you."

"Yes, give me your hand, it is dark enough. Now!" she exclaimed. Eustace sprung out of the closet. He seized Johnson by the neck, and pulled him backwards on the floor.

"Bind his legs first," said Francisca; "here is a handkerchief—then his arms—your own will do. Now one round his mouth."

Having finished these operations, they took the key of the room from his pocket, seated him on a chair, withdrew into another apartment, and locked him in, Eustace, of course, preserving a perfect silence during the whole proceeding.

"What can we do with him?" said Eustace.

"After you and I are gone, it will not signify; my effects will be removed before the funeral. As soon as it is over, I will send two of the bearers to release him. But what shall we do about the note?"

"Leave him in possession of it by all means," said Eustace. "I trust my innocence will be established to the world eventually, as I rejoice that it has been to you, but it cannot be by this means. I am under a pledge not to reveal the circumstances, and I must insist upon it as the greatest favour you can render me, that you will make no use of the information which you have obtained in this way. It would be very injurious to your character, and it would do me no good. Will you promise?"

"If that be the case, I will."

Francisca left him immediately, and did not return till the bearers arrived to carry her father's corpse. There was a solemn sweetness in her smile then, which made a deep impression upon Eustace, but dispelled, at the same time, most of his wild dreams respecting her. He joined the mourners, and they did not see each other again till after the funeral. Their interview was only for a moment, for Father Pietro was waiting to take her away. She stretched out her hand and

he raised it to his lips. She withdrew it without embarrassment, for his manner showed that respectful gratitude was his only feeling towards her; it had been manifest from her own, throughout the day, that she did not wish him to entertain any other.

CHAPTER VI.

Learning has borne such fruit in other days
 On all her branches: piety has found
 Friends in the friends of science, and true prayer
 Has flowed from lips wet with Castalian dews.

COWPER.

It can strike no one as strange, that nine out of ten persons who hear the awful

Dies—iræ dies illa

should be in no wise affected by it ; but that three-fourths of the rest, however insensible to the consolations offered by other parts of the ritual, should be calmed rather than agitated by such tremendous sounds, is one of the *contrariétés tonnantes* on which Pascal might have meditated and wondered. Eustace Conway was one of these. The solemnization of a Catholic funeral quieted, as I believe nothing else would, the ferment in his spirit ; and

the three hours in which he was travelling alone were spent in peaceful reflections.

There were three persons in the coach which he joined at D——, and one had just left a place for him. This gentleman seemed to be the subject of discussion among the travellers.

"He is very liberal in his views, extremely liberal," said a lanky man who sat next to Eustace; "I scarcely know when I have met so enlightened a person. I should suspect he was a writer in the Westminster Review, from his way of talking."

"A reporter, I should think," said his opposite neighbour. "He had all the air of one, and talked about Mr. Brougham, and the Useful Knowledge Society, as only reporters do.—But I beg your pardon, Mr. Wilmot, you said you knew him," turning to his neighbour.

"I know him by sight," said the gentleman addressed, in a pleasant voice; "he is a resident fellow of —— College, Oxford."

"An Oxford Don!" exclaimed both gentlemen at once. "Are you serious?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, exclaimed the first speaker, that is a sign of the times indeed!"

"A very preposterous sign in my opinion," said the second; "very much like the Angel and Crow

—the Lion and Bunch of Feathers, or any other that is more incongruous. I think you must agree with me, Mr. Wilmot, that gentlemen of your order, who have long gowns to drag after them, are not wise when they run races with ragamuffins in short jackets."

"I am afraid there is a tinge of affectation in all clerical, or at least all college liberals," said the clergyman; "and affectation, which is often only foolish, is positively mischievous in those who educate the young."

"I subscribe to that with all my heart," said his acquaintance. "Our lads in the present day are proofs of its truth."

"So every one says," remarked the lanky man; "but, upon my word, they do not seem to me greater coxcombs than their fathers were before them."

"No—not *greater* coxcombs—I do not say they are; but they are perverse coxcombs, who have no respect of time or place. Thirty years ago, when I was at Christ Church, we used an excessive quantity of perfumes; and when it was charged upon us as a vulgarity, we urged that our constant exposure to the collegers (though we never saw any of them except in the streets) made the precaution absolutely necessary. That was the tone of our coxcombry; and I maintain it was

good, rational, local coxcombry. The proof is, that we dropped it as soon as we left Oxford, and took up whatever was proper to our new situation. But what is the case with my boy who is at Christ Church now? Naturally, he is about as great a fool as I was in his day—no greater. The difference in my favour arises totally from bad management. I turned myself into a scent-box—he goes into a debating society.”

“I should think that a great improvement,” said the lanky man.

“Should you, sir? wait a few years, and see then. The chit will come up to London, fancying that he knows all about ‘my honourable friend, if I may be allowed to call him so’—‘I am free to confess’—‘rising as I do under painful embarrassment:’ he will get into a borough as soon as he can; he will either make a flash speech or break down—it is of little consequence which, for, in the first case, he will do nothing more; in the second, he will do nothing at all; and in both he will turn loungeur, affect that he is tired of that nonsense; that it reminds him of college; that perhaps he may give both parties a cutting up some time soon, but not at present; and that the proper business of a member is to scramble for place among the exclusives, make love to actresses, and play at Crockford’s. Deuce take these re-

forming dons! They thought that they might take a spoonful of politics in their tea—enough to give it a flavour; and, as they ought to have known, the lads have immediately begun to help themselves with ladles.”

“I agree with you,” said the clergyman, “that the follies practised in the colleges of our day, with a great show of improvement, are practically worse than any which have existed heretofore; but I do not think that the senior members of the University can be accused of encouraging them by their example. Accountable for them I think they are—fearfully accountable; but on an entirely different ground.”

“Entirely different!” said the Liberal. “I am rejoiced to hear such a sentiment from one of your order, sir. It is their perseverance in retaining a number of useless studies, inconsistent with the spirit of the age, and perfectly useless in the business of the world, which has driven their pupils to seek for a semblance of practical information in these spouting clubs. Educated as they have been, it is impossible that they can profit each other much: but for that, as you say, their teachers are accountable.”

“You have paid me a compliment,” said the clergyman, “which I do not deserve. In the sense which you give the word, I am less liberal than

the majority of my profession. Many of them think with you, that the present rules of the University show too little deference to public opinion: I think they show too much. Many of them wish the present studies should be abolished, and others introduced: I think too many substitutes have been made already. Many of them declare that the schools will never be of any use to the world; unless they adopt some of its spirit: I think that they are infected with its spirit, and that this is the secret of their inefficiency."

"I like a man who goes all lengths," said the Liberal.

"I suspect, sir," said the clergyman, "that our difference is not about this or that length; it is a difference in kind. You believe that the University is to prepare youths for a successful career in society: I believe the sole object is to give them that manly character which will enable them to resist the influences of society. I do not care to prove that I am right, and that any university which does not stand upon this basis will be rickety in its childhood, and useless or mischievous in its manhood; I care only to assert that this was the notion of those who founded Oxford and Cambridge. I fear that their successors are gradually losing sight of this principle—are gradually beginning to think that it is their

business to turn out clever lawyers and serviceable treasury-clerks—are pleased when the world compliments them upon the goodness of the article with which they have furnished it—and that this low vanity is absorbing all their will and their power to create great men, whom the age will scorn, and who will save it from the scorn of the times to come.”

“One or two such men,” said the Liberal, “in a generation may be very useful; but the University gives us two or three thousand youths every year. I suppose you are content that a portion shall do week-day services?”

“I wish to have a far more hard-working and active race than we have at present,” said the clergyman; “men more persevering in toil, and less impatient of reward: but all experience—a thing which the schools are not privileged to despise, though the world is—all experience is against the notion, that the means to procure a supply of good ordinary men is to attempt nothing higher. I know that nine-tenths of those which the University sends out, must be hewers of wood and drawers of water; but if I train the tenths to be so, depend upon it the wood will be badly cut, the water will be spilt. Aim at something noble; make your system such that a great man may be formed by it, and there will be man-

hood in your little men of which you do not dream. But when some skilful rhetorician, or lucky rat, stands at the top of the ladder—when the University, instead of disclaiming the creature, instead of pleading, as an excuse for themselves, that the healthiest mother may by accident produce a shapeless abortion, stands shouting, that the world may know what great things they can do, ‘We taught the boy!’—when the hatred which worldly men will bear to religion always, and to learning whenever it teaches us to soar and not to grovel, is met, not with a frank defiance, but rather with a deceitful argument to show that trade is the better for them—is it wonderful that a puny, beggarly feeling should pervade the mass of our young men?—that they should scorn all noble achievements—should have no higher standard of action than the world’s opinion, and should conceive of no higher reward than to sit down amidst loud cheering, which continues for several moments?”

“It is rather hard upon the college,” said the Liberal, “if they try so diligently to please the world, that the world is so dissatisfied with them.”

“I rejoice to hear it,” said the clergyman; “then there is a hope that the former may at last abandon their absurd, unworthy endeavours to

please it. If I could but convince the authorities of Oxford and Cambridge that the London University can make up the kind of goods which are wanted for the market, more expeditiously by one half than they can, and that their commodities themselves will have a gloss, a saleable look, which they have not the secret of imparting to theirs, I should not despair of seeing then the good old times return, when they furnished the statesmen, the philosophers, the apostles, the martyrs, but left rakes and jobbers to the inns of court and city."

"And would you make no change in the books?"

"Yes, I would banish several of the modern ones—*imprimis*, Paley's Moral Philosophy—from my own University."

"You think no reformation necessary in the system?" said Eustace.

"If you call making a dead system alive, a reformation, I do."

"How is that to be effected?" said our hero.

"I think the biographies of remarkable men who have—I mean, really remarkable men—exercised a decided influence over their contemporaries, furnish the best answer to your question. It makes one's heart bleed to read the narrative of their college years. Whether they knew it or not,

this was the crisis of their lives, this was the struggle—whether all their past existence should belong to them, or be severed from them; then were the powers of good and evil wrestling for the mastery in their souls. Of course they were troubled with wretched loathings—an agonizing heart-sickness, during the process. Were any remedies applied? ‘Oh, no,’ say grave and experienced men; ‘to be sure not; it was what all people have in their time: a little exposure to the world sets that to rights: wait a year or two, and you will find the sufferers laughing at it themselves.’ Who doubts it? It is known by nearly every nation: no ghost from the dead, or wise man in his arm-chair, is needed to tell us that: all that have seen it, all that have felt the least of it, are far more convinced of the fact than they can be. But if transitory, it is transitory in the same sense as a fever or liver complaint; it will pass either to life or death—is it of no importance which?—whether they become scorners and sensualists, or the lights of another generation? Now, for this purpose, we shall gain nothing by substituting modern or practical studies, as they are called, for those which the University now patronizes. Adam Smith would not do them more good than *Æschylus*, or Lingard than *Thucydides*; for some of them, yielding to the voice of weak-

headed quacks, have tried the prescription, and it failed. No prescription was needed. One voice, one living voice, which they could have trusted, to say—'These words, which we put into your hands, are not mere barren symbols; they have life and meaning in them:—these Greek signs do not merely translate, they express the thoughts of actual human beings; men wrote that history, men did the deeds which it speaks of:—that this goodly canopy the sky, this overhanging firmament, look you, fretted with golden fire, is not a mere pestilent congregation of vapours, though it may seem so to you, as it once did to me; and these sacred oracles not a mere helmet of lots, out of which, when the priest has shaken them, that one will jump which suits his purpose, but contains words which, strange as it may sound, positively mean what they say:'—one comfortable exhortation to proceed, however long the Valley of the Shadow of Death might seem, and however pale and spectral the forms which haunt it, for the ground had been travelled before; and to fight hard, though the fiend might be powerful, for help is at hand, and there is a blessing to him who overcomes:—one friendly intimation, that his fate, in which angels are said to concern themselves, was not one to which beings of his own flesh and blood were wholly indifferent;—this,

this would have been sufficient to prevent many a human being from becoming a curse to himself then, and to his fellow-creatures afterwards, when years had strengthened his powers and sealed his allegiance to evil. Unfortunately, this was wanting. Those of the same age were in the same fever-ward with himself; and his seniors believed that they were not the keepers of such young brothers."

"You think, then," said Eustace, "there is no remedy for the evils of the system but a closer intimacy between the younger and older members of the University. I am afraid the proposition would stir up great laughter in the commons and combination-rooms; the notion of friendship with boys seems so utterly ridiculous to them all."

"I am not aware," said Mr. Wilmot, "that Howard's nostrils had any natural banking after the effluvia of prisons. The notion may be right or wrong, but it can be only ridiculous on the supposition that self-indulgence is men's duty, — a very proper doctrine for those to hold who will honestly avow it, but somewhat inconsistent for those who still keep up the ceremony of preaching and have not as yet thrown their Bibles into the fire."

"The fellows certainly cannot plead the diligent use which they have made of their literary leisure as a reason against taking it away," said

Eustace: "I fear it is a graver objection—that they are not competent, as you suppose, to enter into the feelings of young men."

"To that argument I answer, Let men perform their duty, and they will know how to perform it. When did the want of exertion fail to draw after it the want of power? Their self-esteem will doubtless pay a heavy tax for their past negligence. When they have once discovered that there is something passing in the minds of those whom they had been used to fancy had merely legs to walk to lectures upon, hands to break lamps with, and ears to hear the sermon at St. Mary's, it will be a long time before they discover what that something is. They will catch at the end of a thousand threads, which will not unravel the skein; they will try incantations without end out of their books, and the Sesame will not open; they must find, and be content to find, that a toil, which they thought too insignificant for learned Pundits, is one to which all their learning is unequal. But what the wisdom of librarians cannot effect, the wisdom that is from above—the wisdom of humble perseverance—will. And what will be the consequence with reference to their literary pursuits, of which you speak? The most cheering to every honest man, the most afflicting to those who believe that the only

stimulus to diligence is a bookseller's fee, and who have triumphantly appealed to the sluggishness of our human bodies in support of their creed. There is a knowledge of life which is fatal to the student ; there is a knowledge of life which is more necessary to him than to any one else. The one is that which some of our younger fellows are trying to acquire by miserable attempts to catch the manners of Bond Street ; contriving to secure at the same moment the laughter of fashionable men and the pity of wise men. The other is that which may be acquired by all who will honestly and affectionately endeavour to understand the mind of their fellow-creatures. How is it that men living in seclusion, with nothing to worry, nothing to excite, should not have produced half as many notable books as have been written by clergymen in active duty ! ay, as have issued from the garrets of curates, who, after shearing half-a-dozen sheep in the morning, and watching over the flock of Christ in the afternoon, come home in the evening and rock their children's cradle and listen to the din of scolding wives ! And what books ? Penny tracts ? religious poems written with a rhyming dictionary ? sermons for trade ? abstracts for the use of schools ? books composed to keep off the pressure of instant hunger ? No ; but possessions

for immortality — treatises of deep thought and accomplished learning, touching the foundations of laws and the heart of religion. The difference arises from this, that these waking men learnt amidst their vexations, that there is a force in words, a reality in things, which seem to the sleepy eye mere dry abstractions. If our ancestors decided that wisdom should not live with children round her knees in our colleges, it was not because they were insensible to the want of such excitements to diligence — not because they wished the vulgar motives of praise or lucre to be substituted for them, but because they believed that there should be no interruption from personal feelings in the great work of education ; and that this work, if piously and honestly pursued, would supply the life and interest which men must know themselves before they can transfer them to books.”

“ You think they were right ? ” said Eustace.

“ I think,” said the clergyman, “ that if that sympathy, which I wish to see existing between the elder and younger members of the Universities, could be established, we should see more standard works issuing from them every month, than twenty years commonly furnish at present ; — nay, that, in time, manly literature might compete with trash, Cambridge hold up its head against

Grub Street, and the Clarendon Press move as fast as the Minerva."

Shortly after this, the conversation dropped. It left little impression upon the mind of Eustace: he was an habitual believer in Necessity; and of course a project which presumed the existence of good motives, and was built upon the acknowledgment of man's responsibility, struck him as foolish and visionary. The excitement which followed his flight from Rumbold had for a moment recalled his hopes, but they soon vanished; and, even when he was a professed Reformer, he had always considered the Universities as past cure. Reflections upon this and the clergyman soon gave way to others that were more personal. Hitherto he had thought more of Francisca than of her warning: now it occurred to him, and he made many conjectures about the name of the person whom she denounced. But he could not satisfy himself; and after a time he gave up the inquiry, convinced that it was of no real importance to Honoria. Eight months had elapsed since she parted with her servant, and surely she could not have concealed her attachment from him during all that time. Either therefore Francisca might have been mistaken, or she had detected some half-formed feelings, which passed away, or were absorbed perhaps in the sorrow for her depar-

ture. At any rate there could be no danger in delaying his admonitions till they met again ; and if he sent them by letter, she would consult Mrs. Hartenfield, and would fall still more under an influence which he was anxious to weaken.

When he reached the market town, at which the coach stopped, he wrote a few affectionate lines to her, and set off for the village of M——.

CHAPTER VII.

The folded gates would bar my progress now,
But that the lord of this enclosed demesne,
Communicative of the good he owns,
Admits me to a share.
Refreshing change! where now the blazing sun?
By short transition we have lost his glare
And stepp'd at once into a cooler clime.

COWPER.

THE village of M—— was one of those villages which every body called pretty, and nobody knows why. It was not in the road to any town, yet a path carefully macadamized, and without a single curve or elevation, ran through it. On one side of this path was an irregular line of houses, unlike each other in age and construction, and, though not to the same degree, in dimensions; but whether they were obtrusive or retiring,—whether they exhibited an open front, or turned their backs upon their neighbours,—whether they were hidden by good angels in passion-flowers and clematis, or stood forth in all the simple magnifi-

cence of yellow wash, all were respectable, all apparently convenient, and all ugly. Opposite these was a green, rugged enough to be an eligible piece of ground for any person entering the poetical line, who was disposed to lay out a capital of ten or a dozen sonnets in exaltation of the natural and in disparagement of the pastoral: nor, if he were a genuine lover of truth, would he suppress the fact, that the beautiful breaks and playful undulations of the greensward enable the sweet Auburn to furnish the neighbourhood for many miles round with stones, clay, and coals. At the back of this green are scattered rows of cottages, set one upon another most unsystematically, and as little as itself exhibiting any rustic affectations: but simplicity, it would seem, is not beauty, and these exceedingly simple cottages were also exceedingly frightful. The inhabitants of them were evidently not agriculturists, who derived their idea of a habitation from the lodge of the squire's house, or from their own hay-stacks; but journeymen masons, bricklayers, or carpenters, who understood nothing by a cottage but a small house, and accordingly produced diminutive copies of the buildings which they were in the habit of erecting for their superiors. Eustace fancied he could trace, in each of them, which of the larger houses in the neighbourhood its owner

had taken for his model, the bare and staring brick fronts being of course the favourite, but the clematis, which covered a few of the better-looking houses being occasionally typified in the vine, that spread its tendrils on some of the prettier cottages. With these exceptions, the chief ornament of the hovels as well as of the green were the white clothes suspended in very picturesque combinations before the doors of the washing sisterhood.

Lastly, at different ends of the villages, thin avenues of ashes had taken a fancy of interposing themselves between the houses and the green : but the inhabitants had set their faces against this presumption ; and a few shaggy boughs, swinging on the tops of long awkward may-poles, were all that remained of what had been once luxuriant foliage. Eustace remembered having seen a person somewhere, whom he afterwards understood to be Lady Edward Mortimer, and he had a vague dream of great beauty and gracefulness connected with her name. He looked round therefore in amazement at the place which she had selected for a residence, and thought there must be good ground for Francisca's remark, that she had some strange fancies. He was staring about him, and speculating upon that subject, when he heard his name pronounced in a familiar

voice. He started, looked round with alarm, and recognised Morton. The sight of him was a great relief. It was obviously dangerous to keep any one who knew him in ignorance of his circumstances,—and yet who could understand the mutilated story which his promise to Rumbold permitted him to tell? If there were such a person, it was Morton. No one would discover more quickly the *lacunæ* and contradictions in his story; but, instead of disbelieving it on account of them, he would instantly see that his friend had got his head into a noose, from which he could not extract it, though it had no more business to be there than his own. The event proved he was right: Morton rallied him on his rashness, said he hoped he should know something more of his scrape by-and-by, that he might assist in helping him out of it, and expressed more wonder at the place he had selected for a retreat, than at the circumstances which had made it necessary.

Our hero adjourned with him to his lodgings. It appeared he had come into the neighbourhood for the purpose of shooting; but he owned that the attractions of Lady Edward Mortimer's society had been stronger than that of Mr. Markham's estate, and that his gun had been very idle. He mentioned her as a lady with whose husband

he had made acquaintance during his first college vacation, which he passed with his uncle at Lisbon, and who had since become very intimate with his family. He reminded Eustace that he had seen her sixteen months before, at Mrs. Morton's, and, by some hints respecting her countenance, succeeded in awakening him to very definite recollections. He expressed great pleasure at our hero's arrival, urged him to take another room in his lodgings, and promised that his letter to Mrs. Franklin should not be his only introduction to Ringrove Cottage. The arrangement was soon made, and they set out together to visit the two ladies. As they walked, Morton obligingly asked him what lies he should tell on his behalf.

"The simple truth, that I am waiting here in doubt whether letters may not induce me to go abroad, will be sufficient," said Eustace.

"As we are within four miles of the coast, that may do; otherwise I like a good well-contrived circumstantial falsehood in such cases: it seldom does any harm, even when discovered. A friend secured my admission into a *coterie* of literary people, chiefly ladies, by assuring them that I was the author of certain copies of verses in the New Monthly Magazine. I forgot to ask him which, and imprudently took credit for some which had

Mr. Campbell's name affixed to them. Of course I could not escape detection in such a circle, yet I am now the most respected and popular person in it. To be sure, male animals are rather a rarity, and since every 'effect defective comes by cause,' those of the other sex, to whom caps are a desirable ornament, not equally so. Does not this line of buildings look as if it had been published by a society for the diffusion of useful architecture?"

"Extremely. How can Lady Edward Mortimer endure such a place?"

"Wait and see," said his companion, opening a gate at the end of a path a little out of the highway. "We will not approach her cottage by the carriage-road; for, though it is the most unlike a carriage-road of any that bear the name in the kingdom, there is a better way to the part of the house in which Lady Edward is generally visible."

They entered a narrow path of gravel and pebble-stones, on the right of which was a plantation excluding all view of distant objects, whilst on the left ran a high mossy bank studded with wild flowers, and occasionally broken so as to admit a sight of neighbouring meadows and orchards. A murmuring sound gave notice that a river was near them, but in what direction was yet uncertain. The pathway led into a narrow dell, from which they emerged by steep irregular stone steps, and

found themselves on the lawn, within sight of the cottage, which commanded a view of the river running in a deep valley on two sides of it, though often hidden by the foliage of the trees on its banks, which raised their heads to a level with the plants and flower-beds on the lawn. These last were grouped in exquisite taste, only equalled by the thatched cottage itself, which Conway pronounced to be the most perfect he had ever

seen.

The mistress was not at home. Mrs. Franklin was indisposed ; but, on receiving Franciaca's letter, she sent an earnest request that Mr. Green would wait a short time that she might have the pleasure of seeing him. Meantime Morton proposed a walk in the grounds, and in the shrubbery they met Lady Edward.

Notwithstanding a plain dress and gipsy bonnet, Eustace instantly recognised the countenance and form which had riveted his regard in Mrs. Morton's drawing-room. If she had changed at all since that time, she had become more lovely, and she certainly looked younger. It was impossible to believe she was more than twenty-five, and, but for a beautiful little boy at her side, Eustace would have pronounced her less.

"This is an old and intimate friend of mine, Mr. Green," said Morton, presenting him. The

plebeian monosyllable grated harshly on his ear, and there was a slight confusion in Lady Edward's manner as she acknowledged his bow, which was occasioned, he thought, by the disagreeable association which such a name suggested. Still the circumstances of their previous meeting were now so visibly before him, that he could not help remembering how she withdrew her eyes from him then ; and though he was not coxcomb enough to think much of either occurrence, the recollection soothed his vanity.

"When we met you, Lady Edward," said Morton, "I was explaining to my friend the reasons which induced you to select the ugliest village in England as a site for the prettiest cottage."

"Pray let me hear them."

"I said, that looking around on miserable hovels, and more miserable houses, you exclaimed with Mr. Canning,—'I will call a new world into existence to redress the balance of the old.' Every thing in the neighbourhood breathes of oil, perfumery, and of the pharmacopœia ; I will create a fragrant spot in the midst of it. Elsewhere vulgarity thrusts itself in the way of ancient refinement ; I decree that, for once, gracefulness shall be the intruder."

"What a magnificent notion ! I wish, with all

my heart, it had occurred to me. But I am afraid the simple fact is, that I saw a valley, some trees, and a stream, (in the highly oriental language of our parish it is called a river,) and fancied that they would be pretty outworks to a cottage."

"But you are not entirely insensible to the pleasures of contrast?"

"I am afraid I am. I do not think I should leave M——, if every house in it were five times as beautiful as you pretend that mine is. But I shall be glad to know, Mr. Morton, what right you have to slander my village? It ought to delight you particularly."

"Why so?"

"Surely it is a glorious triumph of the principle of utility, which you preach, over my frivolous notions about taste and beauty."

"It is very free from those feudal abominations, I must confess," said Morton.

"Certainly; and who will give you credit for renouncing the Baal which your countrymen worship, while you retain a reverence for his altars and his groves?" said Lady Edward.

"I always professed an exception in favour of his priestesses," said Morton.

They had now reached the cottage, and Lady Edward led them through a conservatory into a

breakfast-parlour. The room they had entered before, was fitted up with remarkable elegance ; but there was an almost savage plainness in this, which Eustace thought scarcely worthy of the cottage, the garden, and the owner. His surprise was diminished, but it gave place to an alarm not very unaccountable, considering the event of the evening but one before, when he saw a Quakeress sitting in it, and was introduced to her as the Mrs. Franklin he had come to visit. A glance at her countenance extinguished these feelings at once. It was worn and wrinkled, and bespoke a person past sixty. It could have belonged to no one who had not suffered long and bitterly—far longer and more bitterly than those who think themselves privileged to hate their kind and their Creator. Here, every line that spoke of endurance spoke also of gentleness. She might, or might not, have been good-natured in youth. It was difficult to suppose that she was ever otherwise, yet scarcely less difficult to believe that so superficial a feeling had ever governed her actions, or been expressed in her face. Deep-settled benevolence was now its single characteristic. Her eyes were sunk, and had lost their brilliancy, but were very mild and beautiful. Her smiles seemed to have been fetched a long way,

yet they came as readily as those which are always lurking at the corners of the mouth. In short, it was a physiognomy of which you felt certain; for there are such, even as there are human characters, of which you can be certain; and let persons say what they will about the deceitfulness of the countenance, it is not more deceitful than that of which it is the image.

She was reading Francisca's letter when they entered; and Eustace observed that her eyes swam with tears: when Morton and Lady Edward withdrew, she exclaimed—

“What a kind, noble creature this is! friend Green; I think that is thy name; thou art indeed a welcome messenger for bringing me tidings of her, even if thou wert not, as she says in her letter, the brother of her dearest friend. I hope we shall see a great deal of thee.”

The friend was so gentle, her welcome so hearty, and the language in which she spoke of Francisca, with whose history Eustace remembered that she was acquainted, so delightful, that I almost doubt whether this invitation gave him less pleasure than the one which he received a few minutes after from a much younger and fairer person. That, too, was expressed very cordially. “The more they saw of a friend of Mr. Morton's,” Lady

Edward said to him, "the more they should be gratified."

He retired to his lodgings very well contented that he had listened to Francisca's advice in choosing a hiding-place.

CHAPTER VIII.

The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill,
A perfect woman, nobly plann'd
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.

WORDSWORTH.

If our hero had been alone, he might have treated these invitations as ordinary civilities, only authorizing an occasional visit. But Morton would not allow any such construction. He said that he had lounged away most of his time there before his friend came; that the foolish people in the village of course had started a hundred reports about him; and though Lady Edward was an Irish woman, and did not heed them, yet she would doubtless be grateful if he made the simplicity of his intentions evident by bringing a friend. These arguments received strong confirmation from the kindness of his hostesses; so

that each day he felt less scrupulous about passing a considerable part of it with them. In the mornings they talked or walked with both the ladies; in the evenings, when there were often other guests, Lady Edward sung and played on the harp. The question which time was the most agreeable, caused a difference between Eustace and his friend, our hero preferring Lady Edward's exquisite voice in singing, and Morton his own in conversation.

Conway could not satisfy himself, whether there was any foundation for the slanderous reports to which Morton alluded, and which he did not seem very anxious to discredit. From his language respecting Lady Edward, it might be suspected that he entertained some ambitious projects; from his conversation with her, it was impossible to draw any inference, for the style of artificial far-fetched *badinage*, in which he generally conversed with ladies, does not admit of many variations. Gratiano probably talked in precisely the same manner, and in nearly the same words, to Jessica when he was stealing her for a friend, and to Nerissa when he was beseeching her for himself; and it was a question left in a great measure to the sagacity of the interpreter, whether Morton spoke the dialect of a common acquaintance or that of an aspiring lover. When Eustace saw

more of Lady Edward Mortimer, he often asked himself how she construed it, and he could not satisfactorily determine. She replied to Morton's ordinary nonsense with much better of her own ; and when he uttered any words in which it was possible to detect a meaning, she manifested no confusion. This would have been natural in a person who had seen much of the world, but Eustace judged that she had not, partly from the dialogue which he had overheard between her and Lord Edward, partly because her general conversation displayed native sprightliness of fancy, rather than the cleverness which is acquired in society. At times he thought she was exactly the person whom Morton might please, and sometimes that she would revolt more at his levity than many ladies of a far graver aspect. When he remembered the character Francisca had given of her late lord, he was sometimes inclined to adopt the former opinion ; for though he often detected in Lady Edward's varying countenance an expression of sudden sadness, which he could not for a moment believe to be assumed, her ordinary manner certainly did not display the settled sorrow of disconsolate widowhood. But he drew the opposite inference, from her conduct as a mother. Her little boy was scarcely ever out of her sight, and, without being the least obtrusive in the dis-

play of her affection towards him, she showed by a thousand little acts how deeply it was seated.

"I cannot think how it is," she said to Morton one morning, "considering the number of poor clever men there are in the world, that it is so hard to find a tolerable tutor. I have been in search of one for William above six months."

"Thou art more strict in thy requirements than many mothers," said Mrs. Franklin.

"Yet my standard of perfection stops at least a hundred degrees short of yours, my dear friend," said Lady Edward.

"I am afraid, Mrs. Franklin, I should not reach your level," said Morton; "but may I not dare to hope, that in a pair of black worsted stockings, I should realize Lady Edward's *idéal* of a pedagogue?"

"No, Mr. Morton; I must curb your steed and check your pride. You want several requisites besides that indispensable one!"

"I have only one objection to thee," said the Quakeress, "for I do not doubt thou wouldst be kind to the young as thou art to the old; I think thou wouldst not have sufficient reverence for children!"

"Is that absolutely necessary?" said Morton. "I do not remember that I was much revered in my childhood; though perhaps my instructors

cultivated the feeling of awe towards me by making me invisible, which they often did by putting me in a dark closet."

"That Mrs. Franklin would call superstitious reverence," said Lady Edward. "I do not know whether I mean the same thing that she does; but certainly there is a respect due to children, which none of those who offered themselves to me seemed willing to pay them. A very sagacious one, who came I think from Aberdeen, and said that he had great experience in education, told me that he found it very useful, instead of giving children lectures, to make observations upon points in their behaviour when they were present. He said nothing came home to them like that. Poor little things! I should think nothing would. Which of us grown-up people can endure to be talked at? If they understand what is meant, it must be far more painful to them; if not, it is certainly a harmless gratification of our own malice."

"If we abstained from acts of ill-breeding because they are cruel," said Eustace, "and not because they are forbidden, we should perhaps remember that the outrage is greater in proportion to the weakness of the object. But going quietly round in a mill, as we do—acting properly, be-

cause it is less trouble than acting improperly—such thoughts are not likely to strike us.”

“Thou dost not think all men go round in a mill?” said Mrs. Franklin. “How many kind impulses we see actuating our fellow men, even those of them that are not habitually guided by the Spirit of Truth!”

“Ah!” said Lady Edward; “my dear Mrs. Franklin, I knew you would not pay those sweet little impulses a compliment without putting in some qualifying sentence, which I cannot understand. I think I shall ask Mr. Green to fight my battles upon that subject. Mr. Morton is a common enemy of us both.”

Eustace saw that he was getting on dangerous ground, for, if he expressed his real opinions, he would prove himself a much more decided enemy to the opinions of both ladies than his friend was. He contrived to change the subject.

“A clergyman, whom I met in the coach a few days ago, said he was accounting for the difficulty which you have experienced in obtaining a tutor. According to him the Universities are in such a state, that we must not expect any class which they furnish to do its duty.”

“Is your experience in favour of his opinion?” said Lady Edward.

"I cannot presume to differ with a clergyman on such a subject," replied our hero.

"Do you remember his name?"

"Wilmot."

"Mr. Wilmot?—the rector of Hulton, and my very good friend. What did you think of him?"

"His opinions seemed to me rather fantastic."

"Did they indeed?" she exclaimed, laughing. "I shall have a great triumph over him when we meet next. To think that he who is so sober among us, and sweeps away my pretty cobwebs and gay gossamers with the rudest hand in the world, should let loose his vagaries in stage-coaches!"

When Eustace returned to his lodgings, he found the following note:—

"Your letter, my dearest Eustace, was the greatest comfort I ever received. To see your hand again—to know that you were well, and that you still care for me—oh, my dear brother, it was a delight which I do not deserve. There were only two lines I would have scratched out of it, and they were very cruel indeed. How could you write them, Eustace? Do you think if a heavy charge was brought against me, you would let the faintest suspicion that it was true enter your mind? O no! I am sure you would not. Why do you ask me, then, whether I shall think you

innocent? Do you think I love you so much less than you love me? My dear, dear brother, do not ever have such hard thoughts of me again. I believe it would be ten hundred times easier for me to commit a bad action than for you. And what is there in the disgrace without the sin? You may think it strange, but it is true, that I feel real pleasure, because Miss Duncan fancies that I tempted you to do what you never did. It seemed to me as if I were more one with you, and I sometimes wish everybody thought as she does, that I might come to you and show you that I am your sister still.

“I cannot tell how to advise you. God, I am sure, will make your innocence evident; for he never fails those who trust him; and you do, Eustace,—do you not? But we must not run into danger, and I should be very sorry to see you here. No warrant is taken out yet, and Mrs. Hartenfield will use her influence to prevent her husband from getting one. Indeed, Eustace, she is a kind friend and wellwisher of yours. Her society has been very useful and delightful to me; but I live entirely at home now. I wish I could persuade Miss Vyvyan and others not to think ill of her; I am sure she does not deserve it. Henry’s friend, Captain Marryatt, who called here the other day, went so far as to say that he be-

lied she had plotted the scheme against you. I was very, very angry, and spoke perhaps more harshly than I ought: but think what a charge it was! I could not believe that any human being I ever saw or heard of had incurred it justly.

"I wrote to our kind guardian, announcing our misfortune, and begging his advice. I need not tell you that his answer was most affectionate. He sent Charles to us immediately, and would have come himself but for a severe fit of the gout. As Henry is out, and gave me no hint of the direction in which he meant to travel, I should not have known what to do without Charles.

"I do not know what I am writing, my dear Eustace; but I know that I never loved you half so well as I do now. I think I could have borne all my part of this misery, to feel how dear you are to me. You should have heard before, but I have not been quite well.—I must leave off for the present."

Here the letter terminated. A postscript in Miss Vyvyan's hand announced that the writer was too ill to finish it. She attributed her indisposition to a cold caught as she went to Westminster Hospital with her cousin, one night, secretly, in consequence of her hearing that Miss Duncan's coachman was lying there. Miss Vyvyan begged him not to be alarmed respecting Honoria, and

concluded with some words of more affectionate import than he had ever remembered to have fallen from her lips in the whole of their intercourse. The last line, for which the letter had been opened, was, "Do not come to London on my account. Keep near the coast. You shall hear more soon."

Eustace was deeply affected by this letter. His immediate impulse was to encounter all risks and return home; but he resisted for Honoria's sake, and only determined that he would not leave his present situation, where he had a chance of hearing tidings respecting her, for any other, however eligible. At the same time, he wished heartily that he knew neither Morton, Lady Edward, or Mrs. Franklin. He felt least disinclined to the society of the latter; and, after spending one day at his lodgings, he called at the cottage, in expectation of seeing her alone. She was in the room with Lady Edward and Morton. He entered it very reluctantly; and, with all his diligence, he could not conceal his low spirits. By some magic, which he could not understand, the lady, whose liveliness he had dreaded, without the least apparent effort, and in defiance of Morton's resolute trifling, gave a turn to the conversation, which brought it exactly into accordance with his state of feeling. She spoke of a visit she

had lately made to Ireland—of old scenes—of what she felt in entering the haunts of her childhood, with a pensiveness which would have interested him at any time, and now absolutely charmed him. Once she was betrayed into an expression of deeper feeling: it seemed as if she had, unawares, touched some chord that was out of tune;—and then her eyes fixed for a moment on him, with a stronger look than that which had puzzled him at their first interview.

After that, he abandoned the paradoxical notion of flying from the society of women, when he was in need of consolation.

CHAPTER IX.

Since still my duty did my actions steer,
I'll not disgrace my innocence by fear,
Lest I the saving of my life repent:
I'll rather bear, than merit punishment.

EARL OF ORREBY.

FIVE days passed away, and the promise in Miss Vyvyan's postscript was not redeemed. On the sixth, Eustace and his friend drank tea at the cottage, in company with several originals of the village. The one our hero undertook was a very ugly girl, from whom he was relieved by the kindness of Lady Edward in inviting her to the piano: afterwards he joined Morton, who seemed to be diligently employed in mystifying a retired tobacconist.

"And you say the young lady was a friend of Mrs. Franklin's?" were the first words which struck his ear.

"A friend—yes, to be sure she is;—why she was staying here last summer nearly a month; and a very pretty little creature she is."

"Indeed!—Mr. Thompson was mentioning a strange abduction, of which he has read an account in the 'Courier' of yesterday," said Morton to our hero.

"An abduction!—not a successful one I hope?"

"No, sir," said Mr. Thompson; "there is no instance of such atrocious doings succeeding."

"Not one!" said Morton. "A particular friend of mine was fortunate enough to carry off a lady and marry her; but then she was the great aunt of the person whom he wished to secure."

"It is very strange that the young men of this age should be so much wickeder than any that went before them," said Mr. Thompson.

"It is perfectly unaccountable," said Morton. "To what cause can you attribute the horrible increase of juvenile depravity?"

"Why, sir, the reason seems to me pretty evident. While our boys spend their time upon those heathen mythologies, reading nothing from morning to night but how that wicked old villain-leader changed Vulcan into a swan, and flew off with her, and other stories just as bad, it is not won-

derful they should take to such practices as these when they grow up to be men."

"That explanation never occurred to me," said Morton. "It clears up the whole mystery. I see now why a taste for abductions has spread like a plague over the youth of our land. But you were mentioning some odd circumstances which had attended this one."

"You may well call them odd—really, if we did not see them in the newspaper in black and white, it would be impossible to credit them. What do you think of the principal witness being carried off too?"

"The man must be a wholesale abducer, indeed," said Eustace. "But how was that?"

"Why, for a long time they did not sue out a warrant, because the chief witness was not to be found. Four days ago, two men came with a letter from him, in which he says that a girl of the town, who was sheltering the criminal, decoyed him into her house; that they then overpowered him, bound him with handkerchiefs, and left him there. The man says, naturally enough, that after such a transaction, he prefers keeping out of the way."

"But does any one believe this?" said Morton.

"Why, it sounds like as great a fabrication as

ever was invented. But the men swear that they released him in the house which he mentions. The house is deserted, and there is proof that it was occupied but the day before ; and, what is stronger still, they produce a handkerchief, which they took off the man's eyes, on which the name of the abducer is marked at full length."

" Upon my word, these are strong facts ! " said Eustace. " What has been done ? "

" A warrant has been granted against both the man and the girl ; the master of the witness swearing that he believes his servant is prevented from appearing by bodily fear."

" Are either of the criminals forthcoming ? " said Morton.

" At present, neither ; but they think they have a clue to the girl's hiding-place."

" The names were suppressed, I suppose ? " said Eustace.

" In most of the papers ; but Miss Duncan's is written at full length in the ' Times,' and in one of the papers I saw that the abducer is said to be a Mr. Conway, of Grosvenor Place. The girl's is not given — I suppose she has half-a-dozen *aliases*."

" Conway, of Grosvenor Place ! " said Eustace ; " he is a particular friend of mine. I cannot believe him guilty."

Morton stared at this strange exclamation. There was nothing in our hero's look which interpreted it, so he thought it best to say, "Conway!—he is not that poor milk-sop I met at your house one evening last spring, is he?"

"I dare say you thought him so."

"He an abducer!" said Morton; "I should think he spent his whole day in cracking bad walnuts and drinking Cape wine."

As they walked home, Eustace gave his friend the true version of the circumstance, which had turned out so unfortunately. Morton was evidently very much interested. He said that he remembered the girl at Lady Edward's: she was rather a striking person; but he did not seem anxious to dwell upon the subject, and he asked Eustace hastily, what he meant to do now.

"Of that you shall hear more to-morrow," said our hero.

When he acknowledged his acquaintance with Mr. Conway, he had already taken his resolution. His peril was greater than ever, but honour and gratitude bound him to rescue Francisca from the danger which threatened her. He determined to surrender.

Early the next morning, before his friend was up, he walked to the cottage.

He had heard Lady Edward say that she was

fond of early walks, and he was not surprised to meet her in the shrubbery. She congratulated him on his good habit of early rising, for which he accounted by saying that he had called, before he quitted M——, to take leave of two ladies, whose kindness he never should forget.

“ You are not going, Mr. Green ! ”

He said that, the night before, nothing was further from his thoughts, but that he had heard news which made it a duty to depart.

“ None of a painful kind, I hope ? ”

“ Painful on many accounts,” he said ; “ a young lady with whom I hear you are acquainted has been —— ; I am rejoiced to say, she is not now concerned in it.”

“ A young lady with whom I am acquainted !— You don’t mean Miss Duncan ? ”

“ You have heard of her misfortune then ? ”

“ Only last night ; it was that which made Mrs. Franklin so low-spirited. Is she a friend of yours ? ”

“ I am afraid I shall forfeit your good opinion for ever when I tell you that it is not the accused party in whom I am interested. But if you had the perfect assurance that I have of his innocence, you would perhaps enter into the feelings with which I heard that an intimate friend is to be tried for his life.”

"I can, indeed!" said Lady Edward.

Eustace almost started at the deep voice in which she spoke these words, and the sigh which followed them.

"Then may I hope," he said, "if you should hear facts which seem to establish Mr. Conway's guilt, that you will yet suspend your judgment?"

"Whose guilt?" said Lady Edward. She added, in a hurried voice, "It is such a strange world, Mr. Green; so full of perplexities and contradictions, that I can believe almost any thing. I do not know whether we ought to trust any reports of good or evil, but it is so much pleasanter to think well than ill of one another that I always do so when I can."

There was something particularly kind and yet strange in her manner of speaking, and still more in the tone with which she bade him farewell. "We are not likely to meet again," said Eustace to himself; "but she is a person whom it is pleasant to have seen in the course of one's life."

He had a short interview with Mrs. Franklin, who seemed as anxious for the acquittal of his friend as he was; left a note for Morton, took a chaise, reached London in the morning, and passed the next night in Newgate.

CHAPTER X.

Away! I do condemn my ears, that have
So long attended thee. * * * * *
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour.

SHAKESPEARE.

HONORIA was so ill during the day on which she wrote to her brother, that Miss Vyvyan began to entertain serious apprehensions for her; but she would not yield, and the next morning she was sitting in the library with her cousin Charles Vyvyan. This youth was no longer a school-boy; his person had become graceful, and a look of melancholy, which was natural to his features, did not now diminish from their manliness. He seemed to be watching the colour as it came and fled from Honoria's face, which certainly never looked more beautiful than to-day, with great intentness.

"My dear Charles," said his cousin, "you did not expect me to set you upon such hard service when you left Vyvyan Hall?"

He blushed, as a home-bred boy might have done; and his look seemed to say that those must be hard services indeed, for which the words "my dear Charles" were not a recompense."

"You must have thought me very selfish. I have not asked you twenty questions yet about old friends, old places, and yourself, my dear cousin. I have not even catechized you yet about those evil tendencies which I used to reprove so impertinently."

"But, first of all," said the youth, who saw that his cousin was forcing herself not to talk upon the only subject which interested her, "I must tell you the result of my visit to Mr. Hartenfield's yesterday."

"Oh, yes! what did he say to the coachman's evidence?"

"What he says is not very encouraging, yet I do not think the visit has been in vain."

"But surely the utter ignorance which Mr. James showed of my brother's name must weigh with him."

"That, he says, the man would of course assume."

"And his solemn declaration that Johnson was driving the carriage when the horses fell."

"I told him that, as well as the account which the man who found them gave us, that James was lying under another man, who seemed unable to move, but who sprung up and ran away as soon as he approached, and that James was evidently drunk."

"Had that no effect upon him?"

"No; he says he has been convinced, ever since Johnson absconded, that he was in the plot. A neighbour's servant indeed has said that he came to call on Johnson in his pantry, and when he knocked, a drunken man in the inside, whom he knew to be Miss Duncan's footman, begged to be let out. But all this, he says, proves nothing respecting Eustace."

"Not when Johnson was my brother's accuser!"

"Oh, he pestered me with more nonsense on that subject than you can imagine. He pulled down volume after volume of the State Trials, to show me scores of cases of accomplices turning round upon their principals and betraying them. There was not one the least like, as he owned, but, nevertheless, he said they showed the thing was possible. I had nearly thrown one of the folios at his head, I was in such a passion at his folly. But, as I said, my visit was not in vain. A gentleman called while I was there, whom he

wished to see alone, and with many hem's and ha's he requested me to walk into his laboratory, where I should find a great deal to amuse me. So I did, more than he expected. When I entered, I heard something which sounded like a rat scamper across the room. I began to look about me, and, after a little time, I came to a large electrical machine. I heard a good deal of rustling and breathing, and presently I saw, crouching behind and squeezed into the smallest imaginable compass, a little girl. When she saw I was not Mr. Hartenfield, she took courage, told me I was a boy, and that she was never afraid of boys; and then we had a conversation, which I must try and repeat to you. I think it will lead to a complete discovery. I will defer it till another time," said he, rising, and leaving the room, for, while he was speaking, Mrs. Hartenfield entered. Honoria called him back, but perhaps he had reasons for not hearing her.

"I bring rather strange news to-day," said Mrs. Hartenfield, smiling, as she took a seat opposite Honoria.

"The same, I dare say," said Honoria, "that Charles Vyvyan was about to tell me. He said he thought it would lead to a complete discovery."

"Did he indeed?" said Mrs. Hartenfield, turn-

ing very pale, but smiling still. "Yes, I think it will be a complete discovery."

"Pray let me hear it."

"But when I say *news*, I mean that it is news to me. You may have known it a long time."

"How could I?"

"Oh! in many ways. Perhaps by a night journey to Westminster Hospital, or from the parties themselves. Indeed, I think you must have known it as long ago as the night of Miss Duncan's abduction, when you reproached me so severely for hindering you in the performance of your sisterly duties."

"I reproached myself, not you," said Honoria.

"At that time," continued Mrs. Hartenfield, "it struck me as a difficulty, how renouncing my society would enable you to see more of your brother. Your own house was, of course, the last place where you would expect to meet with him. To be sure, you might call at his club occasionally, and send in word by the servant that you were come to save him from evil company; but I did not know of the obliging little escort whom you have taken into your service, and who would have made such a visit quite as proper as one to a hospital."

"I think you might have chosen a kinder time

for these sarcasms," said Honoria; "but I can bear them from you."

"Now," continued her friend, "I see it all; it was not a mere desire to get rid of a troublesome friend, who had teased you with too much affection; you knew where you could be sure of meeting your brother."

Honoria remained silent; and, after a moment's pause, Mrs. Hartenfield resumed.

"I do not wonder either, that you then threw discredit on my surmise about the cause of your Spanish servant's departure."

"Has any thing been heard of her?" exclaimed Honoria.

"Something. The same solution often serves for two or three riddles."

"What is it? Taunt me at any other time, but do not keep me in suspense now."

"But, my dear Miss Conway, I think you must know already. Have you never received an invitation to meet Mr. Eustace Conway at her house in the New Road?"

"Do you wish to drive me mad?" said Honoria, bursting into tears.

"No, Honoria, I should find it difficult to drive you into madness. If a person loved me very devotedly, I think I could make her mad; at

least, if some dreadful calamity—such as that of a friend being stolen from her house—had shattered her nerves previously, it would go far towards accomplishing my purpose to avoid her and give her every proof that I hated her.”

“ Oh ! if I have not seemed as affectionate to you as I wish to be, forgive me as a friend ought. But what can you mean by coupling my brother’s name with Francisca’s ? ”

“ Why may not I join the name of a virtuous, excellent friend, and that of a dear, sweet brother ? ”

“ Mrs. Hartenfield, be as cruel to me as you please ; but I will listen to no sneers against Eustace.”

“ What can I speak—how can I frame my words, so as not to give you offence ? I am not to keep you in suspense, and I am not to utter what I know ; for would any taunts so much enrage you as the announcement of a positive fact, that your brother fled from his attempt on Miss Duncan to the house of his *inamorata*,—that she contrived to tempt her old lover Johnson into the house, and took a summary way of preventing him from being present at the trial ? ”

“ What means ? ” said Honoria.

“ Look at this handkerchief and this letter,” said Mrs. Hartenfield.

"And do you believe this account?" said Honoria, throwing down the note.

"Look at the handkerchief."

"You believe that he was able to write this note, and yet he is afraid to appear? You do not see in it the direct proof that he knows himself to be guilty, and wishes to escape detection?"

"Look at the handkerchief."

"It is my brother's," said Honoria; "what then?"

"And was taken off Johnson's eyes by two men, who found him in a house lately occupied by your servant."

"Would to Heaven I could account for Johnson's going to her house!" said Honoria; "that is all which troubles me. For sheltering my brother I shall love her more than I ever did before."

"But bandaging Johnson?"

"It was a violent measure of self-defence, no doubt. My brother had no chance of escaping, if that wretch knew where he went: and how careful he was to secure his release, even at the greatest risk to himself!"

"Honoria, you do not believe this; it is not in your power to believe it. If the sudden departure of your servant—the alienation of your brother from you, which you have acknowledged, almost ever since—his discovery in her chamber now—

does not convince you what kind of intercourse existed between them, no evidence ever can affect your mind. But you choose to be blind ; and, do not deceive yourself, it is not love for your brother which produces this extraordinary affectation of confidence in him : that love would express itself differently, in bitter sorrow for his errors, and desires for his reformation. No, Honoria, I told you before, and I tell you again, another deeper feeling is at work. Your alienation from me began before this event, and another person than Mr. Eustace Conway gave the first impulse to it. You confessed it was so ; and how I can regard all this immoderate zeal, except ——”

“ I never confessed it,” said Honoria.

“ You were silent.”

“ I will break silence now then :—the person of whom you speak never gave me reason to believe that he entertained the least affection for me. Three days ago he came to the house, simply for the purpose of being useful to my brother ; it was by mere accident I saw him, and for your sake. I treated him more harshly, more rudely, than I ever treated any man or woman before.”

“ Was it so indeed ?” said Mrs. Hartenfield ;
 “ have I accused you unjustly ? Oh then, my dear,

dear Honoria, I care not who is guilty or innocent—I am satisfied that you love me, and I want nothing else in the world to make me happy—I was too jealous of your affection, I should despise myself if I were less. As I do not know your equal in mind and character, as I never valued any one's attachment equally, it is not wonderful that I should have a hundred miserable fears, that I am not worthy of it. But henceforth—”

“Mrs. Hartenfield,” said Honoria very firmly, “they are the bitterest words I ever spoke, but they shall be spoken—I have no right to retain friendship for a person who speaks and thinks of my brother as you do. We must never meet again !”

“Honoria,” exclaimed Mrs. Hartenfield, throwing herself on her knees, “you cannot mean it.”

“Oh heavens !” exclaimed Honoria, “that you should stoop to me, one to whom I have looked up as a superior being ; but what I said was right—I dare not recall it !” She burst into tears.

“I have foregone the privileges of age,” exclaimed Mrs. Hartenfield, “the dignity of my character, of my sex—all. There was nothing to which I would not stoop for you—oh, have you the heart ?”

She did not answer.

"Honorina," said Mrs. Hartenfield, starting up, "you have spurned me, and I will have vengeance!"

So saying, she left the room. Honorina sat down on a chair, and sobbed.

CHAPTER XI.

Most welcome, bondage ! for thou art a way, I think, to liberty.

SHAKESPEARE.

"**SPEAKING** conscientiously," wrote Eustace to Morton, when he had been a week in his new habitation, "I cannot say Cold-Bath-Fields is a pleasant exchange for Ringrove ; nevertheless, considering that I have parted with all my philosophy, and have scarcely the shred of a doctrine about the greatest happiness of the greatest number left to increase my lot of personal happiness, I bear my visitation remarkably well. It may be that my deceased opinions, conscience-stricken because they did not afford me the solace which I had a right to expect while they tarried with me, have sent me a little retrospective consolation to make up for their past niggardliness—or, it may

be, that places of confinement are, after all, the picked spots of the universe, and that the cunning fellow who brought so many substantial reasons, to prove that mankind who accused him of madness were themselves suffering under that calamity, only at last submitted to be outvoted, because he knew that his adversary, as the price of his victory, would be sentenced to inhabit the great lazarus-house of the world, while the true *El Dorado* would be reserved for him in St. Luke's—or it may be, that I am a greater hero than I gave myself credit for being—or last, and perhaps the most rational solution of all, it may be that I really do not altogether quite so well like living here, as I occasionally fancy myself, and have just professed to you.

“ In truth, I am not the man I was during the first few days of my sojourn here. Those were days indeed—days to be written of, and remembered. I lay all day along three chairs in my chamber, which is a very decent one, in a state of the most exquisite stolidity, the most luxurious inanition you can imagine. Did you never realize the delight of that kind of existence? If never—

Sus, apage, haud tibi spiro !

you cannot enter into the sublimity of my

feelings,—you are not fit to be the correspondent of a man in Cold-Bath-Fields Prison. However, as my bad genius would have it, one morning, in the full tide, or, to speak more accurately, in the empty ebb of enjoyment, I walked on the terrace, where my brethren, saints and martyrs, are wont to spend their early hours. I had done so often before, and no evil had ensued ; for though I saw some very lugubrious, and a few very ridiculous countenances, I felt secure that my breast was triple-armed to repel any approach of humour or pity. But I was too confident, and pride went before a fall. I had sat me down on a bench, which is placed at one end of the terrace, from a kind forethought on the part of our jailor, that the prisoners might possibly not be used to long walks, when two persons approached me whom I had not seen, or not observed before—or, at any rate, not together—else my felicity must have proved of a yet shorter date. One of them was a short, thin, well-made shrimp of a man, with little bright twinkling grey eyes, a nose short and sharp, sunken cheeks, small mouth, and curling locks. The other was tall, broad-shouldered, and thick, with a face inclining to be long, yet almost as wide, an expansive and deep forehead, eyes steady and fine, lips gross, and the whole lower part of the face very animal—the outer man of

both about equally shabby, there being, however, this distinction, that the coat of the former seemed to have originated some twelve years ago in a tailor's shop, and that of the latter to have been constructed at a more recent period by some farmer's help-mate, immediately after a sheep-shearing. I think I might have guessed, from their circumstances, that each had had his losses ; yet I doubt whether the circumstance of meeting them in a prison would not have had something to do with the conclusion, for neither expressed one tithe of the unhappiness which is seen in nineteenth-century Englishmen one encounters in the streets. And they were both, moreover, good-tempered, though nothing made the contrast between them more exact and striking, than this very quality, which they had in common. I am sure, however, that I could have sworn to their being foreigners ; nor did I need their voices to assure me that the one was a Frenchman, the other a German. They were talking against time, both at once ; and though the Frenchman, who, in addition to every other, had the advantage of speaking in his own language, certainly beat his companion hollow in the number of words a second, I would have given odds on the German's wind. Their debate was long. They passed me six times, always with hastier steps, and at each turn

the Teutonic roar was deeper—the contortions of the Gaul more terrible. Each time, too, the compass seemed to be pointing differently. It first turned to the question, whether the English character had been ruined by the spirit of Aristocracy or of Commerce; it was then, whether Napoleon was a great man; it was then about Voltaire; it was then on French literature generally; the fifth round was not very comprehensible; at the sixth, there seemed to be a feeling in the minds of both, that the debate must terminate some time, and the thought stimulated each to greater desperation. From a question about literature, it had become a question about nations; and the Rhine and the Seine raged awfully against each other. ‘I say,’ exclaimed the German, disdain- ing the language of his antagonist, and perhaps willing that the claims of his countrymen should be asserted before an impartial arbitrator in a dialect that would be intelligible to him, ‘I say that there is no life in the whole of the Frank kingdom—not one bit of life.’

“‘No life!’ exclaimed the Frenchman, struggling for breath and English, while every limb and muscle were exerted to disprove the calumny—‘no life!—den where will you look for it? If dere is not life in Paris, dere is no life in de world. Ask any one who has been dere what he

tink—ask de politician—ask de gourmand—ask de actor—ask de man of sense—ask de philosopher—ask de gentleman of de press, whether they do not find every ting in Paris? Why, in Germany, every body is asleep all de day long.’

“ ‘Asleep in Germany! You impossibly can know any thing about the Germans. The Germans are the most lively of all the peoples on the earth!’

“ ‘There is not a spiritual man out of France!’ was the answer, which I only half heard; for, running to the parapet of the terrace, I burst into a paroxysm of laughter which convulsed the whole of my frame, and from which I can be hardly said yet to have recovered.

“ Thus was carried away at one fell swoop all my delightful insensibility; and since, I have been troubled with thoughts, and recollections, and dreams, with all the miserable retinue of the past, present, and future. Oh, that horrid laugh! how much did I resign for it! The next day tidings reached me, that my sister, who, when I first arrived, was fast recovering from an indisposition, caused in part I fear by anxiety, is again worse; and though they assure me she is not dangerously ill, you will imagine the news has not added to my tranquillity. In short, I should have quite lost my contentment, if the thought had not struck

me in a happy hour, that according to the principle of the Homœopathics, the man who caused my grief would be the best to heal it; so I determined, as I could not quite bring myself to endure the Frenchman's rattle, that I would make acquaintance with the German. He seemed not indisposed—and, as the jailer is a very complaisant man, we can meet in my room whenever we are both of us so inclined. I dare say I shall have more to tell you of him hereafter."

If Eustace had known how true this prophecy was likely to prove, he would never have introduced himself to the person to whom it related. But solitude was becoming oppressive; he dreaded meditation, and he thought the very best means of beguiling the one and repelling the other, was to seek the society of an oddity. Of all possible humorists, a German seemed the most desirable;—first, because he belonged to a class with which Eustace was not familiar; and secondly, because his heaviness would prevent him from being very loquacious, except when provoked. One interview convinced Eustace, that respecting the latter characteristic he had calculated wrongly. Herr Krentzner, instead of being an amusing monster, was a highly accomplished man. He was learned; on ordinary topics he was rational, and he had something which, if not

absolutely genius, was at least very like it; and lastly, so far from those long intervals of torpor which his physiognomy predicted, Eustace found scarcely enough spaces in the conversation to display all that he wished of his own wit and sagacity. Our hero was half angry at his blunder; yet he could not quite make up his mind to decline an acquaintance which he had courted, merely because the object of it was more intelligent than he had counted on. They met again—and Eustace became additionally convinced that it was no sinecure to bear part in a dialogue with the German. In book knowledge, a student of an English university might submit to be distanced by one of a German; but he was not equally pleased that Herr Kreutzner should excel him in the rapidity of his thoughts and the variety of his illustrations. Our hero's vanity was roused from its lair, and throwing off the indolence which a few days before he had cherished so fondly, he fought with all his might for the reputation of his country and for his own. Still there was something wanting to the solidity of their friendship, for they had not yet engaged in any decided controversy.

Upon literary subjects they were tolerably well agreed. Eustace was inclined to pay a fair meed of homage to the excellence of German

poetical criticism, as compared with that which passed under the name in the eighteenth century ; and Herr Kreutzner cheerfully acknowledged that, with all its excellence, it has a tendency to impair the genuine, simple-minded love of poetry. They were rivals in their reverence for Homer and *Æschylus* ; and the German was as intelligently enthusiastic as any of his countrymen in his worship of Shakspeare ; and if he did not express himself quite so clearly about *Paradise Lost* as our hero could have wished, he did not display that shameful incapacity for appreciating it, which characterizes Schlegel and his school. Finally, Eustace bartered very sincere professions of admiration for *Faust* and *Wallenstein*, against others which Herr Kreutzner rendered not quite so willingly to 'The Excursion' and 'Christobel,' so that, except a few battles about the corpse of French literature, which each claimed a right to mangle more than the other, these conversations were most stupidly harmonious. But better days were preparing.

"I congratulate myself," said Eustace, one morning as the German entered the apartment, "that within the last month my feelings and powers, which were once rather active, have been almost entirely deadened. I am able to support

this confinement so much more patiently ; I think if I had as much life as you seem to have, Meinherr, it would drive me mad."

" Ah, my friend," replied the German, " it is that very life which you speak of, which prevents me from being mad. Take it away from me, and I shall beat out my brains against the prison-walls the next moment."

" That seems to me a strange paradox. When one is without activity, why should one care to act ; if we have it, any hindrance is indeed terrible."

" And how can we be hindered from acting, except by the loss of the disposition to act ? What mighty spell is there in these walls, which can prevent me from being a man, unless I voluntarily forego that privilege ? Is not every motion of my will an act ?—is it not an act to speak, to think, to be ? Restrain me from these acts, and I grant you I am the wretchedest of beings ; but it is life—life only, that enables me to perform them."

" How so ?—annihilation, instead of being a state of happiness, is a state of freedom from unhappiness. Surely there cannot be such a difference between no life, and the smallest imaginable quantity of life, that in the one condition we should be free from all misery, and in the other a prey to the greatest."

"I am sure, by the smile on your features," said the German, "that you see through your own sophism, and have only broached it to try my skill in dialectics. You could furnish, I doubt not, as good a technical exposure of it as I could; but forgive me if I say, that I think you do not feel the utter falsehood of your argument so practically and vividly as it is important that you should, because you have been used to consider life merely as an animating and not as a sustaining power. If you had ever reflected that life is that upward force by which we resist the downward pressure of circumstances, it would be as idle to conclude, that because where there is none of it there is no pain, therefore where there is little of it there is little pain, as it would be to maintain, that because a large sack which is oppressive to a great man would not oppress him if he were not a man, therefore it would only oppress him slightly if he were a very small man."

"My argument was not worth much," said Eustace, "but you have not the least disproved the fact which I stated upon my own experience, and which I believe would be attested by the experience of most other men. I said, the more energy I felt, the more I felt it hemmed in and straitened by circumstances; and that when one is actually enclosed by a very narrow circle of cir-

cumstances, the less energy, or, in other words, the less desire we have to press beyond it the better. The proposition seems to me almost self-evident."

"Better?—for what?—for whom?" said Kreutzner.

"Oh, better for myself," said Eustace, "I was not thinking of the world; I did think of that once," he added bitterly, "and every one laughed at me for my pains, till at last I learned to laugh at myself."

"Better for yourself," responded his companion, not heeding his last words—"better for yourself to be nothing—to be the mere shell or rind of that which was human! Oh, believe it not, though a thousand devils hissed it into your ears—though a thousand sirens sang it! No, no, my friend, in all accidents, in all sorrows, life is better than death; if you are chafed and fretted by the struggles of that which you have within you against the case of death which encloses it, be sure that you need more, not less;—more to triumph over the world that is embattled against you—more to triumph over yourself, which is in league with it—more to compel your fellow-men to assert their freedom likewise. You need more, and you must have it, though every drop of your heart's blood is paid to purchase it."

"There was a time," said Eustace, in whose

mind his friend's words revived many feelings that had long been asleep—"there was a time when I think I could have poured out every drop of that heart's blood to rescue my fellow-creatures from the shackles which I believed were galling them, —which I knew were galling me. But somehow they did not seem to want my assistance. I began to think they were more comfortable in their present condition than I could make them."

"And you find yourself, too, equally comfortable?" rejoined the German.

"No—no; it is somewhat premature to be comfortable at twenty-five: I am not yet thoroughly broken in. The collar sometimes pinches confoundedly; the bit will slip out of my mouth now and then, and I start off, not well knowing whither, dragging a carriage full of respectable citizens after me. But I am growing more and more tame; my residence here, I doubt not, will be very useful, and in a short time I shall be as good, patient a cart-horse as any of them."

"Never," said Kreutzner; "bear witness of my prophecy: I do not say that you may not continue a very vicious, ungovernable animal, though I see not why you should; but a roadster you will never become. Do not try; you will fail in the attempt. I have known high-bred horses which have been changed into hacks, and their reward

was, that they were more slandered, and got more kicks, than any of their brethren."

"But what else can I do?" said Eustace. "If I cannot improve the ways of the world, I must conform to them; and that I cannot improve them, I have had, as I tell you, very early experience."

"How did you set about the task?" said the German.

"In the way which common sense appeared to dictate," replied our hero: "there are certain institutions in England which exercise, as it appeared to me, a most disastrous influence upon my countrymen. That they cut off from them various sources of physical happiness, is a fact I firmly believed; but this opinion, which had a great weight with some of my friends, added, I confess, scarcely any spur to my zeal. I thought, from my own experience, and from my observation of others, that these institutions weakened the moral energies of the country; that they stunted the growth of the young, destroyed the manliness of the middle-aged, gave a sordid and selfish character to the grey-headed. Wherever any were straining after noble or exalted aims, I saw that these ancient forms,—sometimes by the exertion of an outward influence—sometimes by incarnating, as habits,—rendered the desire ineffectual, or extin-

guished it. I thought, on the other hand, that they invested with real power, and with a sort of factitious sacredness—ambition, feebleness, baseness ; and I thought I could trace by what innumerable deep channels the subtle poison which issued from them was sent to circulate through the veins of every Englishman, woman, and child. What practical determination ought to have resulted from such convictions, but that these institutions should be destroyed ? But the very arguments which proved their destruction to be desirable proved it to be impossible, since the great element of their mischievousness is their stability. There was nothing left therefore, since they could not be overthrown, but to weaken, as far as in me lay, that admiration of them upon which so much of their strength depends ; and this by conversation and argument I endeavoured to do. In this I failed. Do not tell me that the circle of my influence was limited, unless you should have me believe that the man who cannot bring a potato-field under tillage could manage Dartmoor. Do not tell me I was young ; it is the time of the greatest zeal, and zeal, I am sure, avails more than wisdom. No, the lesson is complete in all its parts, and I should be worse than an idiot if I did not profit by it. You may as well let me slumber

on quietly—your rattlings may make me start, but they cannot rouse me.”

“Asleep upon that dose!” said Kreutzner; “why, my good friend, for every grain of the opiate that you have received into your system, I have swallowed ounces. Do you think the hope of regenerating mankind by a reformation of these institutions is confined to that country in which the institutions are best? Is England the one spot in the universe for which patriots are likely to see no help except in making all things new? Did you never hear of despotisms whose hatred to free discussion is not trumpeted by newspapers published in their own capital?—despotisms under which young men are not wont to proclaim in their debating societies that they are tongue-tied? And do you suppose that the ardent spirits in the countries where such governments exist,—who have dreamed that, in order to make their voices reach the ears of their countrymen, it is necessary first to knock down the walls which have been built to intercept them,—have never been taught the lesson you have learnt, by more potent instruments than a chance sneer or two from a boy or woman?”

“I beg your pardon, Meinherr,” said Eustace, “but I never denied that there are some persons whom no experience can teach.”

“If you mean, teach to abandon their freedom—

to yoke themselves to the triumphant car of circumstances—to lose all love for their brethren, I thank God I am one of that incorrigible class; but if you mean, teach to relinquish the childish and hopeless experiment of convincing men that, their feelings remaining the same, the institutions ought to be changed, which are their representatives, I believe I may boast that my discipline has not been in vain. In itself it would have been utterly vain, for so is all discipline, unless it turns our thoughts inward — unless it makes us reflect on our own powers or ourselves. By doing so, I learnt what humanity is, and how it is to be dealt with. It must not be exhorted to pull off the grave-clothes, even though the skeleton is beginning to crumble under the weight of them; but you must first restore life to it; you must then bid it come forth; and, last of all, you must loose it and let it go. Can you call to mind a single hour in your whole life when your will was released from its bondage by the removal of the mere outward force which controlled it? When it was gone, did it not continue to live in the habit which it had created? and did that habit vanish, except by some determination of the same will, whose business it was at first to have shaken off the yoke? This we feel in ourselves, and it must be true of the whole world; it must be true that the way of

addressing them is to address their wills. Thus you may relieve them from the heaviest incubus: to lift a feather from off them by any other means is a Herculean labour—to lift a mountain a useless one.”

“If you will dine with me to-day, we will talk again of this matter,” said Eustace.

CHAPTER XII.

Even from the bottom of these miseries,
From all that Fortune can inflict upon us,
I see two comforts rising, two mere blessings,—
A brave patience,
And the enjoying of our griefs together.

FLETCHER.

OUR heroine passed a fortnight of such alarming illness, after her interview with Mrs. Hartenfield, that her friends thought it necessary to keep her in ignorance of her brother's proceedings. She was indebted for a knowledge of them to another quarter.

One morning, while she was still confined to her chamber, Miss Vyvyan, who was her constant nurse, observed that she had been weeping, but of course she asked no questions; and though she was not aware of the quarrel, she thought that a note, of which Mrs. Hartenfield's servant was the bearer, sufficiently explained her niece's emotion. In a few minutes, Honoria became un-

usually cheerful, declared that she was quite recovered, begged Miss Vyvyan to take an airing in the carriage, walked with tottering steps into a sitting-room which adjoined her chamber, and told her aunt she might send Charles Vyvyan to amuse her.

As soon as the youth arrived, she asked him if he did not think she was looking particularly well. There was a convenient *équivoque* in the words, and he replied very conscientiously in the affirmative.

"I knew I was: what a good, kind cousin you are, Charles! You will do me a favour, will you not?" said she, sitting down beside him, and putting her arm within his.

"Any in the world."

"I knew you would; but you must promise not to make any objection to whatever I set you to do."

"Very well."

"But promise—"

"If it is not to do you any harm."

"Oh, you may say any thing is likely to do me harm, you know. You should not dress your hair that way, Charles, you should put it off your forehead on each side; so"—parting the locks as she spoke with her delicate fingers. "Will you

promise—?" bending her cheek so low that it nearly came into contact with his lips.

"Whatever you like."

"There's a dear cousin! Now order a coach without telling any one, and I will come to you directly."

When the youth returned from his singular commission, he found Honoria shawled and bonneted. He made some remonstrances; but she insisted on the solemn obligation of a promise, said she should go without him if he would not accompany her, and desired him to put her into the coach, like a good boy, and ask no questions.

"But I must hear where we are going," he said, as he handed her in, "for the coachman's information."

"To Newgate," she replied; "tell him to make haste."

All her assumed high spirits vanished when she spoke to Charles of the rash step her brother had taken, and her determination to see him; but she contrived to hide her feelings, and requested Charles to give her an account of his conversation with the little girl at Mr. Hartenfield's.

"I fancy I should have remembered it at all events," said Charles, "for I never lighted upon

such an odd little monkey before ; but I thought I had better write it down, so you shall have it from my notes. When I had dislodged the girl from her hiding-place, I asked her what she was afraid of, as she did not care for me. ‘Oh, I did not want Mr. Hartenfield to see me, nor aunt Hartenfield neither; but I am not shy for all that, not the least,—my brother would never let me be shy.’—‘Who is your brother?’—‘Marmaduke Rumbold.’”

“I have often heard Eustace speak of him,” said Honoria.

“I asked her if she was Mrs. Hartenfield’s niece.’—‘No,’ she said, ‘I am not her own physical niece, but I have adopted her to be my aunt.’ ‘Physical niece! what do you mean?’—‘Don’t you know? but you boys never understand philosophy if you are ever so well dressed.’ (A stroke at Eton, you see, cousin.)”

“What is the age of this little philosopher?”

“About ten or twelve, I should imagine. I laughed too much to make any defence of my philosophy, and she proceeded to ask me whether I was married.—‘No.’—‘Are you going to be?’—I began to feel alarmed, but she soon removed my apprehensions. ‘I am,’ she said.—‘Not immediately, I suppose?’—‘Very soon; I am going to be married to Mr. Conway.’—‘What Mr.

Conway?"—"My Mr. Conway; I wish he'd come and see me. I don't believe that he is gone a journey with my brother, as aunt Hartenfield says, when I ask about him."—"But I wish you would tell me who this admirer of yours is, Miss Rumbold. Is he like me?"—"Like you, indeed! Why, he is two heads taller than uncle Hartenfield, and fifty times as handsome."—"He must be handsome indeed! What is his Christian name?"—"Are you a Christian?"—"I hope so." She began to laugh.—"And you believe Christ made sick people well without giving them medicine?"—"Yes."—"You think he'd have been able to make Miss Duncan well when she was fainting away, if she had not had a smelling-bottle?"—"Miss Duncan! did she faint away?"—"Was not she fainting away all the time I was locked up in the room with her? I wish Miss Duncan had been at the devil! you have seen a picture of the devil, haven't you?"—"But why do you wish any harm to Miss Duncan?"—"Because she interrupted me and Mr. Conway when we were talking so pleasantly."—"Where were you talking? Here?"—"No, to be sure not; in our back-parlour."—"Where do you live?"—"Where do you live, Mr. Inquisitive?"—"For the present in Westminster: see what direct answers I give you!"—"Well, I do not live in Westminster at present,

but I did once.'—'With your father and mother, I suppose?'—'Then you suppose wrong, for I lived with my brother.'—'Now you are staying with your aunt?'—'Yes, and I am not to go back, either,' said she, clapping her hands: 'how glad I am! Aunt Hartenfield said, when she brought me away, that I should not go again.'—'What! did Miss Duncan faint away in your back-parlour at Westminster?'—'To be sure she did. Oh, you should have seen how she looked when Marmaduke brought her in.'

"Marmaduke brought her in!" exclaimed Honoria.

"She was so pale, and Mr. Conway looked as white as she, when he saw her. I'd do any thing to please Mr. Conway, and I don't mind spiting Marmaduke a bit; so I went into the room with her, though he wanted me not.'—'I am glad you like Mr. Conway so much,' I said, taking a chair, and pulling her towards me; 'I dare say you will tell me something that may be very useful to him.'—'Yes, any thing you like;' but, before I could ask her a question, she exclaimed, 'Let me go, let me go—I hear aunt Hartenfield; she'll be so angry if she finds me here, for she told me not to go out of her room and mine.'—She hid herself under the laboratory-table before the

door opened ; but she made so much noise, that I think Mrs. Hartenfield, who entered, must have perceived her."

"My dear cousin," said Honoria, "all the rest is of no importance ; you have proved my brother's innocence—you have detected the really guilty person : oh, how shall I thank you, and love you enough !"

The youth perhaps did not see how he had accomplished all this, and wondered that she should interrupt him in the midst of his evidence ; but he kissed the hand, which she gave him, very fervently, and remained silent.

As Honoria had taken no precautions, they met with some difficulty in gaining admission to the prisoner ; but Charles was persevering, and, after some trouble, brought his cousin word that the influence of a friend, whom he had accidentally met about the prison, had prevailed.

The incidents in the past part of our lives, which retain a peculiar and distinguishing brightness, differ scarcely more from the shadows around them, than from each other ; some are like stars, seeming to be still, as they always were over our heads, and marking the ground which we travelled over by their light ; some are like glow-worms, which we regard with affection, not unmixed with

surprise, because they shine so beautifully out of the dreariness which they are not able to illuminate.

The interview between Eustace and Honoria seemed especially afforded them, that they might have something pleasant to remember in the dreariest passage of both their lives--when one of them was beginning to experience that barrenness of heart which follows the uprooting of a devoted affection, and the other had discovered that the comfortless creed to which he was bound had only withheld its claims upon him whilst he was actively engaged, that it might husband the more despondency for him in solitude. The circumstances of their meeting could not diminish the pleasure of it. Honoria had looked forward with great dread to seeing her brother in prison; but when she heard Charles Vyvyan's story, she thought she saw his innocence established to the satisfaction of the whole world, and no mere sentimental dislike to the sight of bars and bolts could prevent her from rejoicing that he had run so honourable a risk, which she felt quite sure was only the first step to deliverance. His miserable opinions could not rob Eustace of the pleasure which the consciousness of having taken the right course brings with it; and though for a time they had diminished his love for Honoria, his misfortunes

had renewed it, and the sight of her seemed to restore it to almost infantine warmth. But the meeting was one of mere simple affection, which a biographer would be as wrong to describe as to pass over unrecorded.

It would have destroyed all the happiness of this first interview, if Eustace had executed Francisca's commission. He did not like to believe that there was a secret in his sister's mind which she would not communicate in those moments of affectionate confidence, and he liked still less to tell her of Francisca's fall. It was a more pleasant duty to speak of her affection for Honoria, and her kindness to him—nor was that the only debt of gratitude which he had to discharge—as he was parting with Honoria, he said, “My dear sister, I have met with kindness every where—kindness almost as remarkable as the ill-treatment which has brought me hither. I have had friends in the New Road, friends at Ringrove, and what has surprised me even more—friends since I have been in London.”

“How such instances change our vague notions of a Providence into actual conviction!” said Honoria.

Her brother replied rather impatiently, “I know nothing about the form of surrender, but I supposed I should be right in going to a police office. My object was to make a statement

of the circumstances relating to Francisca, and to get the warrant against her discharged immediately. The magistrates behaved as I expected—were insolent to me, and made brutal jokes about her. To be sure there was no other obvious reason for my giving myself up, than that which I assigned; but rather than believe my motive was not a bad one, they presumed I had none at all, and went upon that supposition for more than twenty minutes. I persevered in my story, and, after two or three of them had nearly broken blood-vessels with indignation for my contempt of the Bench, it occurred to the remaining one that I might possibly have spoken truth. At last they sent a person to require Mr. Hartenfield's attendance, and I was permitted to stay in the office till his return. During that time Henry's friend, Marryatt, who was in the office on other business, came forward, and in the handsomest manner offered bail for me, and engaged in five minutes to procure another friend, who would do the same. It was refused, as I expected,—indeed I was more than satisfied, when I understood that there would be no further proceedings against Francisca: but his kindness did not stop with his offer of bail,—he went to the Home Office, saw the under-secretary, with whom he was acquainted, and obtained an order, to which I am indebted for my comfortable

accommodation. He has been sitting with me for the last hour, and to him I believe I am indebted, as the last and greatest of his favours, for your admission. I knew, my dear Honoria, that you think you have reason to be angry with him—he told me so; but the opinion which he avowed in your presence, however untrue, had more colour of reason for it than you suppose, and I think he has given proof of a real disinterestedness.”

“His conduct to you was very kind indeed,” said Honoria.

“So uncalled for!” said Eustace. “Perhaps, Honoria, you and I are apt to think slightingly of those mere gentlemanly, kind-hearted men, and to look for something more; and so I think we should. But we may go too far in our admiration of talent and depth of character, both in men and women. At any rate, as he has been kind to me, I am sure my sister will not retain any ill feeling towards him.”

“If you wish it,” said Honoria.

“I do, indeed; he seems hurt at your language; and if you should happen to meet again, I wish you would make it evident to him for my sake, that the last good service has obliterated the former offence.”

Honoria embraced her brother, and withdrew.

Eustace had rebuked his sister for her impru-

dence in visiting him, as severely as he could ; but in spite of his admonition, and of her cousin's opposition, she resolved, if possible, to see Francisca before she returned home. She proceeded to the house of the priest, with whom Eustace had left her. She had gone nearly three weeks before, and the clergyman's sister said that she had forgotten (they half-suspected intentionally) to leave her address. The lady seemed to take a real interest in Francisca ; but she had been disturbed by the newspaper reports respecting her late conduct. The pleasure which Honoria found in vindicating her friend was some compensation for the sorrow of not meeting her. But her dejection and illness returned when she reached home ; and the next morning she was sentenced by her physicians to nearly as strict an imprisonment as that to which the law had sentenced her brother.

CHAPTER XIII.

Heaven made us agents free to good or ill,
 And forced it not, though he foresaw the will.
 Freedom was first bestowed on human race,
 And Providence only held the second place.
 DRYDEN.

"I HAVE thought much of our late conversation," said Eustace to his German friend, when they again met, "and the more I compare your assertions with my feelings, the more I am compelled to dissent from them. You may have driven me from the ground of my political experience, but it is only into a region of far greater irritation, disquietude, and hopelessness. Many men have endeavoured to repel the harassing conviction of inability, which haunted them whenever they speculated upon the range of human power, by making a practical experiment of their own in some narrow sphere, and they have

sometimes succeeded in cheating themselves into a kind of belief of their free agency, or, at any rate, in quieting any uneasy doubts upon the subject. I can understand this. I can understand a philosopher who has thought of his own mind till he is certain that it acts under an irresistible compulsion, finding relief in the discovery that he can dig in his garden, or jump over a gate—just as many persons who feel the effect of sympathy disagreeable, easily persuade themselves that slavery does not mean much after all, because they have seen some negroes in the Colonies looking tolerably comfortable. But I never heard of a person flying for comfort from the concrete to the abstract—of a man who, being haunted with the vision of a bleeding slave, betook himself to meditation upon the blessings of slavery,—who, having felt powerfully the bondage of his will in a particular instance, found pleasure in grazing himself against the chain of necessity which binds the universe. Yet this is your mode of treating my case;—you do this when you lead me from a practical disquisition about political institutions into a metaphysical disquisition upon the will.”

“Heaven forefend,” said Kreutzner, “that I should lead any one into a metaphysical disquisition upon the will! If it had not given occasion to treatises manifold in your language and mine, and

in the French to boot, I really should not understand how it was possible to argue upon the subject. If a man needs to be convinced that he has a will, he must exert it,—at least, I know no other way; and this proof of its existence I was exhorting you to make.”

“ But, my dear Kreutzner, it is this proof which I have made, and which has failed. You want me to do something more—you want me to tell my brethren that they have free wills: I will do any thing in reason, but I will not tell them this, for I do not believe it.”

“ Nor do I.”

“ You do not?”

“ No.”

“ Then, why should I tell them so? Are you, too, one who would mock mankind with empty exhortations to duties, which you profess in the same breath that they are unable to perform?”

“ I trust not. I believe men’s wills are in slavery—a most abject slavery; and this should be the burden of my song to them from cock-crowing to sunset.”

“ But you would add, that they can break their chains?”

“ Undoubtedly.”

“ Then here we are at issue; and that we *are* at issue is the strongest, the most irresistible ar-

gument in favour of my creed. For, Heaven knows, how much it is against my will to believe that my will is not free and mighty and majestic. Heaven knows how I clung to that faith, and how my soul was shaken to its centre when it forsook me. I think I could almost name the day and the hour, when a voice like that which was heard in the Holy Temple on the night of its capture, seemed to say from the depths of my spirit,—‘Let us depart!’—and, truly, many a golden censer, and many a vessel of purification, has been stolen away from it since. But it is gone—what can take its place? What *can* the will resist, if not the decree which proclaims it to be powerless?”

“And yet, my friend, inexplicable paradox as it may seem, there is no one conclusion to which the will is so prone as this one—none from which it must use more mighty efforts to extricate itself. Deal honestly with yourself, and you will be certain of this truth, impossible as it seems. Even when it was making such struggles not to yield, it wished to yield—it was itself the author of the compulsion which it felt to be so agonizing and ignominious.”

“This is a hard saying.”

“There is a *Pons Asinorum* at the threshold of

all other studies. Why should the most important one be the solitary exception?"

"All the bridges over the mighty stream of necessity," said Eustace, "seem to me only temporary rafters, which any flood a little higher than ordinary sweeps away. The fables of paganism were indeed floating islands of beauty in the midst of a dreary Archipelago, upon which one might find a moment's repose,—bubbling fountains, and refreshing verdure. In a pure Grecian atmosphere, made not darker but more celestially clear by the superior intelligences which moved, like so many purifying atoms among the mists which were drawn up from earth, one might indeed walk cheerfully in life's common way, nothing doubting of our being, though humbler, of the same kindred with them, or might yield to them the offerings of a reverent and affectionate heart, with no hateful consciousness of hypocritical compulsion in the service. For, what if there was a destiny in that serene heaven?—it was a cloud no bigger than a hand to the ordinary wayfarer, which might excite him to questioning, but not to fear; and if to the poet, as he sat watching it from his cave in the rock, and listening to the roar of the ocean, it wore a more portentous appearance, the terror was his own creation: his

mighty will had not enough of foes, and he created a power, that he might wrestle with it ! But these dreams of the world's gay infancy are gone—the powers which we felt in our go-carts are all shrivelled when we need them to run alone ; and turn wherever we may, there is the same acknowledgment of an irresistible power marshalling us the way we should go—the same confession of our inability to resist it. I will not affirm that it is indifferent to our personal happiness what name we give to that power. I know it to be otherwise. I know, and I hold that man a senseless idiot who denies it, that though the sense be precisely the same, there is a mighty charm in the very word by which we denote a supreme intelligent Reason—such a charm, that I would rather die than deprive any human being of the consolation which it affords him. Yet, Kreutzner, there are states of mind, in which we feel that we have no right to profit by the hidden virtues of words, when we feel that it would be a crime not to exchange them for their outward equivalents, even though, in doing so, we draw upon ourselves almost a necessity of crime. Oh ! in what a weary circle are we perpetually revolving !”

“ And therefore,” said Kreutzner, “ the chain that confines us to that circle must be broken. You think that an eternal, irresistible necessity

binds us to an abject, helpless obedience. You admit that it is a dreary faith ; that it only escapes contradictions in theory by its spirit of universal denial ; and that it involves innumerable contradictions in practice : you are not bound to it, therefore, with the cords of affection, as were some lofty spirits at the time of the French Revolution, to whose minds, deeply drenched in the natural philosophy of the eighteenth century, it afforded comfort, and even exhilaration. But you see no escape from it, for you do not think the case much bettered by exchanging the name of Necessity for that of God."

" Oh, you mistake me," cried Eustace ; " I said that those who could honestly give it that name ought to rejoice ; for I am sure it will make them wiser, better, happier."

" What a word ! The use of a religious vocable, instead of a philosophical one."

" I am positive about the fact," said Eustace, " though perhaps unable to assign a cause."

" Well, that I do not understand," said the German ; " however, as far as you are concerned, the case remains the same. You are nominally, as well as practically, a Necassitarian ; or, may I not recall that word, and say that you are so nominally, and not practically ? For when you spoke but now of the pagan mythology, what was it

which gave a direction to your feelings so different to that which they generally take, that for a moment you seemed to value falsehood above truth? Was it not a deep sympathy with the beauty of that outward nature, that world of eye and ear, as your own poet speaks, which was the home of Pagan poetry, Pagan art, and Pagan religion? And how did you gain that sympathy? how do you keep it? You were not nursed amidst the brilliant phantoms of Greek superstition; you have not been naturalized among them; but in the far drearier climate of modern philosophy. That seems to me a strange slavery, my friend, which admits of a brotherhood and communion with the visible universe; or that must be a most imperfect necessity, which leaves the feeling to expand in freedom through that very nature, in which, according to your theory, the throne of the inexorable tyrant is seated."

"But what," said Eustace, "if the sympathy to which you allude, should be the very stamp and symbol of my subjection? It is not strange that the parts of an organized machine should cohere, however difficult it may be to bring ourselves to the conviction that we are nothing more; but upon the hypothesis of an independent will, it would be very hard to account for such affinities."

“ Oh, what a will yours would be, my dear Conway,” said Kreutzner, “ if you *could* believe this ! But I must want that argument of its power, for you cannot—you *can* no more believe, that the response which your heart makes to the universal thanksgiving song of nature results from an unconscious sympathy between the wires of an instrument, than you can transport your body from the walls of this prison to the side of some still sheet of water upon which an autumn sun has lately risen, which still lies sleeping under the morning mist, that is wreathed in thin folds over the dew-glittering meadows beside it ; but just as you can transport yourself in spirit to such a scene, just so you can carry yourself into that other and much more dreary region which is peopled, not with the realities of the sight or the realities of the imagination, but with phantoms and shadows, modelled after those things which you have seen living and breathing in this world : and you can, by an effort of will also, deceive yourself into a notion, that what seemed true of these models is true of the things which they represent. The ordinary, dry-headed, dry-hearted philosophers, so far as they can believe any thing, believe this. They have no actual feelings about nature or men ; they know of no world but one of abstractions—and how natural that they should

not admit the existence of another ! But this notion is nothing like a belief in you ; it scarcely passes below the surface of your mind : for you *do* know of another world,—you have felt, have lived in another world. Leave, therefore, for one moment, the fanciful world, and come into the real one. Let the theory of vibrations, if you wish it, be true in a book or a system ; let it be true as a complete explanation of all Hartley's feelings, or Hume's ; but it is not true in the world,—it is not true as an explanation of your feelings. What you want is something which shall explain them ; and where should you seek for an explanation ? You can get no higher, no nearer the truth, by making an imaginary platform to try your experiments upon. Why not, then, keep the ground which you have ?—why not let your feelings be their own interpreters ? And what do they tell you ?—how do they account for the delight which they draw from Nature ? Do they not proclaim in a voice, to which if you are deaf it is because you will to be so, that there is in you a spirit, a higher self ?—that in the subjection of the lower self to it, consists the true freedom of a man ?—that this same spirit lives through the whole of creation ?—and that He—whom some would make only a stronger Jupiter, with a more glorious throne in the heavens and more terrible

thunders for the earth—whom others would convert merely into a synonyme of Fate—and whom you would expel from the universe altogether—has his chosen empire in our wills, finds his choicest service in our freedom, and exerts his mightiest power in drawing our souls into accordance with the harmony which breathes through this, and his other innumerable worlds?

Eustace remained silent for some minutes after Kreutzner had uttered these words, and the latter did not interrupt his meditations.

“But if your magnificent system were true,” he said, “it would not be satisfactory; there is a constraint, a compulsion upon me somewhere; of that I am at least as certain as I am of the feelings for which you have endeavoured to account. Whence comes that compulsion? At what loophole in your system of benevolence has it crept in?”

“As I said before, it has crept into the will, and from the will it must be eradicated. You have surrendered your freedom, and you must regain it. You are not the slave of any eternal law; for with whatever seems necessary and permanent, you are most in accordance, when you are most free. No, it is to the fluctuating and the transitory that you have surrendered yourself—it is from them that I would reclaim you. The institutions of

society, your own habits, the fear of your fellow-creatures, these are your tyrants. You deceived yourself once into a belief that you were free from the influence of institutions, by railing at them, and seeking to subvert them. Become really independent of them, so independent that their existence shall cause you no grief, no despair. They are the creatures of man's feebleness and slavery; as many of them as impede his progress to strength and freedom will be overthrown, when he has gained enough to be conscious of the oppression—not before. Having emancipated yourself, strive to emancipate your brethren; not by telling them how evil their institutions *are*, how evil society *is*, (you have found that that belief has begotten despondency in you,) but by telling them how virtuous and great they *may be*.

CHAPTER XIV.

A golden treasure is the tried friend ;
But who may gold from counterfeits defend ?
Trust not too soon, nor yet too soon mistrust :
With th' one thyself; with th' other thy friend thou hast.
Mirror for Magistrates.

HONORIA soon found, with bitter vexation, that Fanny Rumbold's evidence was not enough to convince even her brother's best friends of his innocence. They admitted that Rumbold must have been accessory to the plot, for the house in which it had been consummated, was found to be his, and he had disappeared, and that Mr. Johnson was a false witness ; but it was evident from their cautious language, from the wonder they expressed that Mr. Conway preserved so strict a silence respecting the real abducer, and from their unwillingness to take out a warrant against Rumbold, that they believed Eustace, if not the prin-

cipal, to be an active accomplice. Nor was this her only cause of anxiety. Soon after our hero's surrender she received another letter from Mr. Vyvyan, which was expressed in the same affectionate language as the former; and regretted, even more bitterly, his continued inability to help her. A postscript was subjoined by Maria Vyvyan, the amanuensis, which ran in these words:—

“DEAR NORY,

“You must not be low-spirited—Eustace did worse when he took you from us than if he had carried off fifty Quakeresses; nevertheless, I am sure he is innocent; and if I were only in London instead of that foolish boy Charles, I would prove him so, and hang all his accusers in a week. I shall come with papa; and if there is any changing of clothes, remember that I am taller than you, besides being more experienced. I should like to spend a week in prison extremely. My love to aunt Mary, and compliments to Eustace.”

But a fortnight after, when she was daily expecting him in person, her guardian wrote to her in a very different tone. He expressed a hope that Eustace would be able to clear his character—could overlook imprudence in a young man—

feared she would not care much for the advice of an old country squire, and doubted not that she had better counsellors. This change of language, for which Honoria could devise no explanation, was made more distressing to her a few days after, when Charles Vyvyan received orders from his father to proceed at once to his private tutor, and a censure for having staid in London so long. Charles was an old favourite of Honoria's, and was now almost indispensable to her, for she had no other male friend to advise her, or to communicate between her and Eustace; and though she probably did not think much of the precise feelings which were expressed by his manner towards her, it is not strange that such homage as boys of sixteen are wont to pay their cousins should have been agreeable to her in her present desertion. She parted with him sorrowfully, and felt very lonely when he was gone.

Her aunt's kindness was now her only resource. Before her brother's misfortune, Miss Vyvyan had retreated further than ever into her snail-shell, and Honoria had given over endeavouring to tempt her out of it. Nay, once or twice it had been suggested to her—by what friend we need not mention—that their former coldness was changing into positive alienation, and that the dreadful story of Caroline Duncan's feelings to her sister would be

repeated in her experience. Honoria repelled the notion with horror ; but such hints seldom fall useless to the ground, and I know not what seeds they might have sown, if all that was excellent in Miss Vyvyan's character had not at once been called into play by the events which we have detailed. Sloth and despondency seem so nearly allied, that any one who saw Miss Vyvyan at ordinary times, would certainly have believed her indolent : now she displayed a constant persevering energy. She seldom showed any cleverness even in the presence of those who knew her best, and all other persons gave her credit for being dull. Now her niece had constant occasion to admire the wisdom of her counsels, and the felicity of her suggestions. And what was more remarkable than all, even the frost-work of her manners seemed to yield, and she conversed with her niece easily, affectionately, almost confidentially. Or perhaps it is even harder for a reserved person to express indignation than affection ; and this consummate proof of the change which circumstances may produce in the outward manifestation of character, she displayed when her niece showed her Mr. Vyvyan's letter. She evidently suspected that some secret enemy was at work ; but when Honoria questioned her on the subject, she was

silent, and resumed something of her natural unapproachableness.

The first person who brought Honoria tidings of her brother after Charles Vyvyan's departure, was Captain Marryatt. He had little more to say than that he had seen him within a few hours; but the appearance of any one who showed an interest for him, could not but be gratifying to her. The kindness of his manner, too, was more than usually remarkable, and awakened in our heroine remorse as well as gratitude, when she recollected *her* manner to him a month before. He brought no more confirmation of her brother's innocence; but, what was scarcely less soothing, he expressed his own conviction of it in the strongest language; and he showed by casual remarks, that he had not been idle in spreading the same opinion among others. Honoria found it less difficult to obey her brother's injunction respecting him than she expected.

Her health confined her to the house. Her brother had told her he was not likely to have any visitors, except a chance college acquaintance now and then. She knew nothing of his German friend; and as she was certain that the books with which she constantly supplied him could not compensate for the want of human society, the thought of

his loneliness caused her much anxiety. It was relieved when she heard that Captain Marryatt called upon him daily, for she thought that his conversation was of that easy and equable kind which a person in low spirits and in a prison would prefer to any that was more exciting. She felt very thankful for this act of kindness, which was remarkable in a person who knew her brother so little, and she wished for an opportunity of acknowledging it. Captain Marryatt called again the next day, in consequence of some news, not of much importance, but rather encouraging than otherwise, which he had gathered in the enemy's camp. He mentioned that he was studying geology under Mr. Hartenfield with great diligence—a proof of devotion to her brother's service which Honoria could not have looked for from his oldest friend. His visits became more and more regular; sometimes that he might have the honour of driving Miss Vyryan to the prison,—sometimes to bring reports of Eustace, which must otherwise have been transmitted through servants,—and not unfrequently because he had a glimpse of some important point of evidence which might turn the scale in his favour. It was a particularly agitating case; proofs of our hero's innocence seemed constantly within their reach, but, owing to some little teasing obstacle, it was impossible to get at them.

Honorina felt every day more fluttering anxiety, which reached its point when Captain Marryatt entered with the day's news. Their conversation was in all moods, according as their hopes were raised or depressed; but it had only one topic. Captain Marryatt never made an observation which had not some reference to the cause of our heroine, either to offer a hint of his own, or to make some observation upon her, or to contrive means for putting the resolutions of their united wisdom in practice—and any other would have been very disagreeable to our heroine. Indeed the interviews were so exclusively and evidently on business, that Miss Vyvyan, who would rather have been any thing on earth than a duenna, did not scruple to take part in them. After a time, the prospect began to brighten considerably. Conway's counsel had at first advised that the discoveries respecting Rumbold should be kept as secret as possible, because their value, as means of embarrassing the witnesses for the prosecution, (they were too imperfect to have any substantive weight) would be greatly diminished, if any thing were known of them previously. Some information, however, which was not communicated to Honorina, induced the lawyers to change their opinion; and Captain Marryatt, acting under their direction, introduced the name suddenly in the course of con-

versation with Mr. Hartenfield. The effect, as he described it to our heroine, was extraordinary. The little man's face changed in an instant from its ordinary colour of brick-dust to that of quick lime. He staggered back several paces, and asked his companion, in a voice of terror and snuffing mixed, what he knew of that man. Captain Marryatt mentioned his suspicion of Rumbold's guilt, and the circumstances on which it was grounded. Mr. Hartenfield's visage, like Yamen's, grew blanker and blanker as he proceeded, and at last the words, "The villain is at the bottom of it!" came forth in a squeak from his windpipe. Nothing more could be extracted from him, and he showed great uneasiness at having been betrayed into this exhibition of feeling; but he consented to interrogate Fanny Rumbold in private, and if the facts proved to be as Captain Marryatt stated them, he would spare no diligence in bringing the real offender to justice. With regard to Mr. Conway, he said the violent assault which he had committed on him personally must be accounted for, but he trusted he would be found innocent of the capital offence. It appeared evident to Captain Marryatt that Mr. Hartenfield did not know Fanny was in his house, though he professed himself so ready to examine her; but he only mentioned this conviction casually in his conversation

with Honoria, for it touched upon ground which she still wished, if possible, to avoid.

Here the cause rested for some time. Captain Marryatt was convinced from the conversation, that, for some reason or other, Mr. Hartenfield had a rooted hatred to Rumbold, which was strong enough to overcome even his prepossession respecting the guilt of Eustace, and he did not doubt that he would be a very active ally in search of evidence against him. He told Honoria that he had still stronger reason for anticipating the best results from the measure which he had adopted—that he had been endeavouring, hitherto unsuccessfully, to obtain an interview with Caroline Duncan, who seemed not to be in London—that nothing could be done till her return—but that, on the whole, she might confidently expect a favorable issue of the trial.

Our heroine's pleasure at this announcement was a little diminished, by the reflection that she would not have the same excuse for talking and thinking exclusively of her brother now that she could be of no use to him. She had some fears too, that Captain Marryatt would not bring such regular reports of him as heretofore; and, as her agitation had not made her more capable of visiting him in prison, it was not wonderful that she felt a strange heart-sinking at the thought. There

were no grounds for this apprehension. Whether from habit or some other cause, he called just as often as before. But she was right in supposing that their conversations would become more excursive than they had been ; indeed, it was kind in Captain Marryatt to make them so, for there is nothing that wears the spirit so much as endeavouring to urge a fixed point forwards by talking of it. The subjects which he introduced were never out of harmony with Honoria's feelings. When she first became acquainted with him she admired his conversation—among other reasons, because it was free from egotism. Now, when she had a subject of strong personal interest, that deficiency would have been disagreeable to her, and it was no longer apparent. His favorite theme was an only sister, the same he had mentioned in Mrs. Hartenfield's drawing-room, for whom he seemed to have felt a devoted affection. Some accident led him to mention her one day, and then so many recollections of her seemed to crowd upon him, that he talked of her for nearly two hours. He said afterwards, that he had run on quite unconsciously, but it was a subject so often in his thoughts, that when he found a person to whom he could bear to speak of it, which was very seldom, he was apt to forget himself. The account which he gave of Miss Marryatt, was his

justification. He described her as a being remarkably lively in her perceptions, and rich in all female accomplishments, but whose talent and cultivation were always forgotten in the interest inspired by himself, chiefly observable for an extreme gracefulness and delicacy which never became morbid, because she thought more of other persons' feelings than her own. Ardent in her attachments, and not willing that they should evaporate in a wide circle of friends, simple-minded, true-hearted, and wanting nothing to make her as happy as she deserved to be, but a less vivid appreciation of those qualities in others which she fancied were wanting in herself,—Honorina could not wonder that he had tens of thousands of associations with the memory of one so lovely, which were sometimes too sacred to be uttered, sometimes too strong to be suppressed, or that they should occasionally affect him even to tears. And, to say the truth, though he had apologized for the fault once, he often committed it again; and he could only excuse himself by saying that an impulse which he could not control, led him to speak of her in Honorina's presence.

In one of these conversations, Honorina asked, whether her brother Henry was acquainted with Miss Marryatt? She had been surprised, in former days, that Captain Marryatt called so seldom

upon his friend, and she was surprised now that he never spoke of him except to ask some indifferent question respecting his movements. But she was still more astonished at his manner of replying to this question. He had been talking enthusiastically of his sister, and just at that moment he was speaking, in rather a low and soft voice, of the difference between the delight of merely contemplating a being so gentle as she was, and of actually feeling that she cared for him—a delight which he said he once knew, and lost. When she uttered her brother's name, he started and turned pale, uttered some incomprehensible exclamation, changed the topic of conversation, and presently after left the room. She was confounded at first, and she speculated more upon the subject afterwards than it deserved. Miss Vyvyan had told her, before they came to London, that there were some strange circumstances in her brother's life: what they were, she did not seem to know distinctly herself; and she probably told her niece less than she knew. Honoria had no authority for supposing that a lady was involved in them; but it was a fancy which she had sometimes indulged, and on which she had built more than one story that accounted most satisfactorily for her brother's scornful tendencies, and enabled her to regard them with pity even when they were directed

against herself or Eustace. It now struck her that this fair being of her creation was the identical Miss Marryatt to whose praises she had been listening; that she was the object of her brother's early love; and that the distressing event, or series of events, which had prevented their union, had left an unfavorable impression upon Captain Marryatt's mind. That part of her speculation distressed her, for it seemed to imply that Henry had done some wrong: but then she recollected that it was only a speculation, after all—and what right had she to found a charge upon an hypothesis? So, as was her wont in castle-building, she assured herself that all that was seemly and fair had some real counterpart, and that the existence of some ugly ill-compacted gable-end was owing to her want of materials, and her ignorance of architecture.

She saw many reasons why there should not be much sympathy between Captain Marryatt and her elder brother; but what grounds had Eustace for his strange notion that the person who had treated him so generously was a mere kind-hearted gentlemanlike man? Did not his countenance in Senhor Martendo's garret express strong, even intense feeling? Did not the delight with which Henry, though certainly not one of the friends to whom he was most attached, had

greeted him after many years of separation, prove that he had a character which was able to call forth regard in persons not very easily moved? Above all, what mere gentleman ever cared for a sister as he did, or recollected trivial incidents which derived all their value from her share in them, or would dare to speak of them before a stranger? The extreme injustice of our hero's observation struck her in some new light every day, and she began to think there must be a tincture of college pedantry even in Eustace.

Our heroine began to be much troubled with these meditations, but her brother's acquittal was still the uppermost thought in her mind.

CHAPTER XV.

True faith and reason are the soul's two eyes;
Faith evermore looks upward, and descends
Objects remote; but reason can discover
Things only near, sees nothing that's above her.

QUARLES.

THE conversations which we have recorded between Eustace and Kreutzner gave a new direction to all their subsequent intercourse. The common topics of literature and politics which had previously occupied them were thenceforth used as illustrations or hints, and the subject of their discourse was always something—

—— quod magis ad nos
Pertinet, et nescire malum est.

In the treatment of these questions, that philosophical generality which was probably preserved with great strictness at the Horatian repasts, was occasionally neglected. The boundaries between

the property of the species and of the individual are never well ascertained; and Eustace thought that Kreutzner, availing himself of their indistinctness, sometimes approached nearer than was agreeable to the sanctuary of his personal experience. Yet this complaint from him was most unreasonable; for by voluntarily introducing his own political disappointment, he had authorised an intrusion which, after all, he could not say ever amounted to rudeness.

The fact is, Eustace Conway was becoming considerably more sensitive than he had been for some time past. His first opinions, those which he adopted when his manhood was just commencing, issued fresh from his heart. The springs there had dried up—in what manner we have explained at sufficient length before; and the opinions, when they at last retreated, left behind them the deposit of his present unbelief. While he continued in this state, the only connexion between his mind and his opinions consisted in this—that they were both equally lifeless—his only preference for these opinions, that he must *become* something different in order to change them—the only resistance which he could oppose to new ones, the *vis inertiae* of self. A man in such a position can talk with nearly as much freedom of the events in his own past existence, as of those

which have befallen other human beings—nay, it is his only way of convincing himself that he has had a past existence. In the solitude of his own chamber, all that is gone is a dream : but when he speaks, there is a faint echo in one direction, telling him which were his yesterdays ; and if there be any thing unpleasing in the words repeated, yet the delight of hearing again that mockery of his own voice, is more than a compensation for it.

Far different is the case when the man becomes conscious of any returning vitality. Few persons can fail to recollect the exquisite pain of incipient warmth after long numbness in their bodily limbs, and happy those who have experienced nothing in their interior selves with which they can compare it ! Eustace was not so privileged. The conversation of his friend assailing him at both ends—now attacking the dead man, now the dead creed—drove the two, which, though twins of the same parent, had not known each other, into conjunction. Eustace began for the first time to see dimly, to feel vaguely, why he had become an atheist. With that, there came the rawness and soreness as of an uncovered wound :—then he passively yielded to Kreutzner's faith as to a fantastic dream, which might be equally true with any thing else ;—then he started from acquiescence into defiance, cast away the foolish

delusion, and hugged his atheistical creed with a first-love vehemence, an energy of which the principle might have been that being who is embodied to our imaginations under the name of Life in Death, by the "Ancient Mariner." It was after these transports had subsided that he began to feel that impatience against Kreutzner for giving so much personality to their discussions, and that anxiety to make them assume a more formal and abstract character, which we have already hinted at.

Honest and humane wrestlers for truth are often greatly puzzled to determine how far they should respect these wincings of a galled antagonist. With regard to the rules of combat upon which thorough-bred atheists insist, there cannot be a moment's question. A man may, no doubt, if he choose, intrench himself in the fastness of universal denial: he may say, I will not argue with you, unless you abandon every inch of positive ground which you occupy; unless you consent to assume Atheism as the preliminary to arguing about it. He may say this; and accordingly many do say this. But he who listens to them, he who accepts such terms, enters the lists a fool; and unless his adversary's arm be the weakest that ever wielded a lance, must come out of it beaten. In many cases, too, the indignation which Negationists express when it is hinted to them that a

bad habit of feeling may be at the root of their opinions, is obviously worthy of as little attention ; for if they are sure that they do not possess a moral nature, the cries of Priestcraft, Intolerance, Bigotry, which they raise against those who, without the power (if they have the will) to do them any worldly mischief, impugn that which has no existence, must be mere tricks to excite compassion or quibbles at the wording of the indictment—to be commended as indifferent legal artifices, if so meant—to be laughed at as contemptible, if those who resort to them aspire to be logicians. But what if this indignation should be really the fruit of a secret inward acknowledgment of that truth which is professedly denied ? In that case the question becomes much more difficult ; for one who believes that this is a truth, and the truth which is most intimately concerned with his neighbour's well-being, will be extremely watchful not to obscure the slightest glimpse of it in his mind. The danger of provoking a half-infidel, by a very vivid exhibition of his logical inconsistency, to remove the moral belief which causes it, will instantly strike such a reasoner ; and no wish for an argumentative triumph subtly disguising itself under the conviction that every thing must do a man service which humbles his intellectual conceit, will tempt him to incur it.

On the other hand, he will be exceedingly desirous to confirm that timid and shrinking consciousness into an actual belief. But how may this be effected? Should his pleasure at this exhibition of moral sensitiveness prevent him from wounding it? or, since it was the wound that first called the latent feeling into exercise, may not the best way of fostering it be to keep alive the irritation?

There could be no manner of doubt about Conway's symptoms. In all their early arguments he had been a fair and rational disputant, listening quietly, challenging no assumptions which he had not a right to challenge, claiming no concessions which were not reasonable, and objecting to no personalities which Kreutzner was not eager to explain into the heat of argument. The fretful displeasure therefore which he began to exhibit must have originated in the cause we have assigned to it. The impregnable fortress had clearly been abandoned; it had become a war of posts, and he was occupying a position which he knew to be precarious and scarcely tenable. Under these circumstances, many persons would have felt inclined to deal gently with him—to give him some quarter—at any rate, would have been content with overturning his false opinions, and have left him to settle his personal accounts with his own

conscience. Not so Kreutzner. To awaken the energies of Eustace's character, not to negative the negations of his creed, had been the object of his conversation ; and he did not abandon or change it when he saw that it was to a great extent accomplished. The whole essence of his philosophy must have been sacrificed, in order to give it a dogmatic character. What he taught might have been a good representation of what he believed ; but the life of the belief would have been as little there, as sap is in a painted tree. His perseverance he knew very well would not be in vain. After some desperate efforts to relapse into his former sluggishness, the turbulent feelings which he had excited in his companion's mind began to subside into calmness. He felt through his whole soul an activity like that which he remembered to have felt in former times, when his imagination was more in play than it had been during the months past, but made more pleasant by the greater maturity of his other powers. He began to think, to reflect ; nay, he might almost be said to meditate. He found the solitude of the prison agreeable, and yet he had very little of that stupid enjoyment, of which in his letter to Morton he so bitterly regretted the departure. His mind was thickly peopled, but it was with friendly dreams and pleasant recollections. Snatches of

old airs, sun-sets seen long ago, quiet meadows at even-tide, with the tinkling of bells, the perfume of flowers, the sea by moon-light, verses from the Fairy Queen, a Madonna of Raphael, glimpses of childhood, and the dreams of a world still older than that with the forms which inhabited it—these were his visitants, and in their company the hours could not be wearisome. By degrees he acquired strength of will to dismiss them all, that he might fix his thoughts upon what he had lately called his ‘opinions.’ But he was gazing upon vacancy. They were gone, and their place knew them not;—or, had they ever been there? Was it not rather a dream, that in that hollow, circled with a thin wreath of scarcely visible mist, he ever had actually dwelt?

“And where was his dwelling now? He would have found it somewhat difficult to answer the question, for as yet every thing around him was very shadowy and undefined. But feelings that have been roused from a long slumber are likely to take the shape of the object which they first behold after awaking, and into this shape our hero’s were moulding themselves. Kreutzner’s faith too had many merits of its own to recommend it to him. Towards that kind of Pantheism which was so common at the end of the last century, he would have felt no attractions. Nature,

which is deified in that system, differs too little from the Necessity, beneath whose imaginary pressure he had sunk, ever to become an object of faith or worship to him. But the Pantheism of Kreutzner, if Pantheism it can be called, was a worship, not of Universal Nature, but of Universal Spirit—of that Spirit which he had once felt glowing within him, of which he had lost the perception when he ceased to be true to himself—of which he now knew that he had only wanted evidence, because it was too inward to admit of any. How sublime to conceive of this power—the power which we feel within us in our moments of strength and purity—being the Principle and Soul of the World!—not something at a distance, lost in the impenetrable vagueness of the Universe, but in the inmost sanctuary of self-moving, living, creating;—not a terrible being, dwelling in storms and lightnings, but mild and benignant, accessible whenever we will seek him in strenuous virtue or deep contemplation;—not a spirit needing aught to render him placable to his creatures;—not one approached by outward services;—not enshrining himself in edifices;—not delighting in civil allegiance and state devotion, but remaining in the temple of a pure heart which is rendering voluntary and constant sacrifice of its appetites and its selfishness;—not a power, lastly, which claims a

service to itself, — that prevents us from taking delight in all things around us, or that derogates from our services to our fellow-creatures:—but a power which goes with us into Nature—interprets its marvels — makes us to delight in its glories — teaches us, when it reigns in ourselves, that it reigns every where too—sends forth our hearts in gladness to mingle with it in sorrow, if sorrow can be with such a faith, to be consoled by it,—and a power which fills us with affections to our fellow-men—excites us to relieve them of their burdens—to exalt their hopes—to increase their freedom — to make them partakers with us in the Universal Harmony.

At different times this faith presented itself to Eustace in different delightful aspects: sometimes he took a pleasure in contrasting it with what seemed to be the more formal and habitual belief of his childhood, in remembering how happily he had brought away from his last state of mind all that was in it of worth and excellence—in reflecting that, if he was no longer a denier, he was as little bound by creeds as the most arrant denier, in triumphantly exclaiming, that he was under the shackles of no superstition—that he only

“ ——— bow’d before the judgment throne
Of his own awelass soul, and of the Power unknown.”

But in another, and he was constrained to allow on the whole a happier and a more tranquil mood, the faith of his fathers—of his country—the faith in which most of the great men and all the noble women whom England has produced have lived and died—appeared to him in a far more engaging light. Then it pleased him to think how well all that was brightest in that faith—all perhaps upon which these great spirits had delighted to dwell, harmonized with his own ; — the same inward piety—the same love for outward nature—the same zeal for our fellow-creatures — the same disposition to self-sacrifice are enforced by both. The immortality of the soul is presumed in both ; and there was nothing impossible in the notion—nothing at variance with his faith, or with the feeling which nurtured it, that the principle which he adored should, some time or other, have sown fresh seeds of affection in the hearts of men by appearing clad in their own likeness. A form of Christianity not very precise in its outline certainly, but fair and graceful, would at such times rise up before him ; and when he had gazed on it with love and admiration, another shape would appear, which, though more nearly answering to the counterpart within his mind, yet seemed to retreat further into the distance, as if yielding the precedence to its beautiful sister ; then

the two seemed to embrace, and at last to melt into each other. Such were the dreams of Eustace's prison hours, and they were at least better dreams than any which he had of late enjoyed. Whether they will last in the actual daylight of the world, is a problem which must wait for a solution from his subsequent history ; if not, let us hope that whatever good particles are in them may survive the dispersion of the rest, and may be united to others as real as themselves—as beautiful as those from which they have been separated.

CHAPTER XVI.

One woman reads another's character,
Without the tedious trouble of decyphering.

BEN JONSON.

FOR a month after Charles Vyvyan's departure, Honoria received no tidings from her guardian. Letters from the Hall often came to Miss Vyvyan, and they seemed to occasion her much uneasiness; but she never revealed their contents. Once or twice she was observed to be in close conference with Captain Marryatt after their arrival; a circumstance which caused our heroine some little surprise. At length the following epistle reached her:—

“ Well, my dear cousin, we are beginning to stand on our feet once more. All the last month we have been walking on our heads, and every thing and every body have been upside down. I cannot tell how unsteady I feel even now; but I

cannot write to you without positive shame—and that is a great comfort. Who would have supposed that a meeting in a churchyard beside mamma's grave could have thrown us into this confusion?—but I cannot bear to think of it. A strange accident put an end to our troubles, and in part rewarded us for them; and that I must hasten to tell you of. It was several days after the cliff adventure, of which aunt Mary will have informed you—(I hope she is not very angry with me for it: do tell her that I am very matronly in my general proceedings now; but the temptation of seeing that horrid woman slide down a long sand-hill, crying for help, was irresistible. I had made her my enemy before, and I did not care whether she was a little more or less implacable)—it was several days after this, while I was under dreadful disgrace with papa, that she came to the Hall without the young Quakeress, who was ill. You know, when first they came, she took pains that we should see as much as possible of Miss Duncan; but that, of late, since I began to display my bad disposition, every device was used to prevent us from being alone with her for a single moment. Do what I would, therefore, it was impossible to comply with my aunt's request that I would speak to her about the little girl, for papa

had solemnly forbidden me to mention the painful subject publicly. But I was determined to find an opportunity, or make one, and this was the best that offered. I was indisposed, for I have never been used to lectures from papa, and they gave me a shocking head-ache. I had sent down an excuse for not appearing. It was particularly proper that two invalids should spend the evening together; so, as soon as Louisa brought me word of Miss Duncan's illness, I walked out to feed the pheasants, ordered that the pony should meet me at Conolly Gate, and rode off. Their lodgings you know are just out of M——, nearly five miles from us. Caroline's astonishment, when I dismounted, was beyond all description. That I should ride out in the dusk, without a companion, along a lonely road, and a part of the beach, was almost beyond the young Quakeress's belief; indeed, when I remembered that I had told no one in what direction I was going, and that I was to return home in the evening as I might, I felt inclined to agree with her that my prudence was questionable. But there I was, and I resolved to profit by my situation. Of course, I felt it my duty to be as lively as possible; but you must be aware that there are many things easier than to be lively and amusing with Miss Duncan. She

denies any knowledge of London, she cares nothing for the country. She dislikes walking, is afraid to ride, has very little pleasure in music, and none at all in pictures. Once I thought she must be literary, and I began to be frightened; but a few cautious questions about Scott's Novels relieved me from that apprehension. At last, I settled in my mind that her only knowledge lay in abductions; and though I was very anxious for information on that subject, having no practical acquaintance with it at present, she naturally was too proud of her learning to communicate it. But one morning I discovered her secret predilections. We had been sitting for a long time in silence, her eyes bent on the ground, when, on a sudden, she exclaimed, in a transport of enthusiasm, most gratifying to my feelings, and complimentary to my shoemaker,—‘ Maria Vyvyan, where didst thou buy thy sandals—they are so pretty?’ From that time our conversation has been more easy and agreeable, and this evening I poured into her willing ear all the wisdom which I had accumulated in the five last conversations with my dressmaker. What will you say to that, you haughty London creature? I, Maria Vyvyan, giving lectures on dress to a young lady from Upper Brook Street! ‘ Well,’ said the Quakeress, after I had descanted for some time with great eloquence on the beau-

ties of *gros de Naples* silk pelisses, 'I think I will have one next winter, let Jonas Walton say what he pleases.'—'Is it possible Jonas Walton can object to a dress so commonly worn?'—'That is the very reason he objects,' said the Quakeress, pensively.—'Surely, Miss Duncan, you will not yield to the prejudices of an old man on such a subject?—why, even children wear *gros de Naples* silk pelisses.'—'Do they?'—'They do indeed. Don't you remember a little girl called Fanny Rumbold?'—'Had she one?' said the Quakeress, starting.—'I should think it very likely she had, but she would not wear it in the house, you know.'—'O no; I forgot that.'—'And you could not judge of her dress at all by candle-light?'—'No, and I was fainting besides.'—'Were you indeed?—was it long ago?'—'Oh, it was that horrid night! don't talk about it.'—'How fortunate that she was not gone to bed! She was the sister of the person to whom the house belonged, was not she?'—'Sister?'—'O no; I believe not. What art thou saying?' In a moment she recovered from her surprise, and I could not get a word more from her. After half an hour, I began to despair; but I lingered in hopes of a moon, which would have been very desirable, as I had no chance of an escort. As we sat, our conversation grew duller, and the lamp grew dimmer; its light was nearly gone, when the

servant introduced a gentleman, who wished to speak with Mrs. Hartenfield.—‘ Another room would have been better,’ I heard him say, as he entered ; ‘ but it does not signify ;’—and he took a seat near the door. Caroline held her head down, and did not see him ; but the light being in a line between me and him, I was able to study his features, and they were too remarkable to be forgotten. I raised the light in the lamp ; Caroline raised her eyes at the same moment, shrieked, ‘ It is he !—it is he !’ and fell into hysterics. I turned round to support her. The man said he would walk ; perhaps he should meet Mrs. Hartenfield ; and left the room before she uttered one intelligible word. When she could speak, she acknowledged explicitly that the person who had just left the room was the same who carried her off ! I asked how she came to accuse Eustace. She could give no explanation, and seemed uncertain whether they were not the same being. I told her that I never saw two men so unlike. She fell into a passion of tears, and said she knew nothing about it ; but she was positive that man had come to seize her again. I had nearly succeeded in calming her mind on this subject, when a furious knocking at the door convinced her that she was right, and alarmed me so far, that I seized the poker, and determined to make what resistance I could. The

next moment papa rushed into the room, and exclaimed—(I scarcely know whether he recognised me)—‘Go to Mrs. Hartenfield instantly!—she is dreadfully ill!’ I ran into a room below stairs, where I found her lying on the floor, her head supported by the servant: she was as pale as ashes; her eyes rolled horribly, and she seemed in convulsions. The woman by her side had lost all presence of mind, and was ready to faint herself. I desired her to go, and leave Mrs. Hartenfield with me; I was with her five minutes alone. What exclamations I heard from her lips in that time no human being shall ever know; or what passed before they were over, I scarcely know myself. I am certain a strong hand had hold of my throat. God gave me strength.—Oh! I knew what thanksgiving was that night!

“Papa had guessed, from something Louisa told him, that I was gone to Mrs. Hartenfield’s, and in great alarm had accepted a seat in her carriage, desiring the servant to follow with a horse. As we rode home, I learnt from him that they alighted at the top of Newcombe Hill; that about the middle of it he perceived a man walking down very leisurely, who several times approached very near him on his side; that as they turned the corner, within a few yards of the house, he crossed to the other side, and, as he passed Mrs. Harten-

field, said some words in a low voice.—‘She was frightened,’ said papa, ‘as any one might have been, and fell in the state into which you saw her.’ Though my description of the person I had seen exactly corresponded with his, it was a long time before he believed that they were the same; and I do not think he is thoroughly convinced of it now. There has been a spell upon him—I can call it by no other name from first to last; and he cannot see any thing exactly as it is. Perhaps I might have helped to break it, if I had told him of my danger; but that was phrensy, and I had no right to take advantage of it. The next day a strange letter came, accusing me of treacherous attempts to prejudice Caroline Duncan against her friend, accusing papa of having such a daughter, and accusing us all of wishing evil to one who wished nothing but good to us. It ended with a forgiveness, and the same day Mrs. Hartenfield and Miss Duncan left the neighbourhood.

“This is the end of my strange history, but it will not be quite the end of my letter; for, firstly, you must let me know whether my evidence will be of any use, and how I am to deliver it, and when you would have me come to London. And, secondly, my dear Honoria, as soon as Eustace is acquitted, (he must, and shall be acquitted now,) will you promise to become a member of our fa-

mily? I cannot bring myself to say,—Pay us a visit once more: I do not insist upon it, because every man and woman and child in the village—every horse in the stable—every bird in the aviary—every stag and fawn in the park—every cow, sheep, turkey, hen, chicken, pig, in every part of the farm, is dying to see you; nor because I suppose you will care very much for any of our childish pleasures, now that you have been living among wise people; nor because there are ten hundred thousand things that I want to learn of you; but because I do long so earnestly that you and papa should see each other again: for think, Nory, how is it possible that any thing can go on rightly in any part of the estate whilst there is a misunderstanding between you? Not many days ago, my beautiful Ferdinand, the Persian pony which Colonel Hawkins gave me, died suddenly; your own silver pheasant, who has been in the habit of flying wildly and mournfully about ever since you went, was shot by some London wretch who had been allowed a day's shooting, and sent to papa in a basket, with his compliments; and George Brown, our old pet, whom you and I used to save, once a month, by various unlawful coaxings and unfounded protestations, is gone to the House of Correction for three months; and the tenants are all coming in with long faces, to beg

for a reduction of rents. They say the crops were never in such a state before. I knew they must be so, but I did not tell them the cause.

“ However, papa is at last beginning to wonder at himself for fancying that he could be displeased with his own niece, let him try as hard as he will. Such a notion!—Papa displeased with Nory, whom we have all determined to poison a hundred times, because he was so shockingly clear-sighted as to see she was worth all of us together!—it could not last, and I see it going away more and more every day. He is quite sure Eustace is innocent now; and whenever your name is mentioned, the tears come into his eyes, and he says he wishes he had you here again, after all. He will leave out that ‘after all,’ which means exactly nothing, very soon. And yesterday, (you may think what a bad way we have been in, when I tell you that I have not done so before for three weeks,) I ran away with his wig, and he caught me, and kissed me just as he used to do. So there is nothing wanted but the sight of you to make us forget all that is past, and be thoroughly happy once more.

“ Ever, my dear Nory,

“ Your very affectionate

“ MARIA VYVYAN.”

"What can this mean?" said Honoria to her aunt, giving her Maria's letter.

"Does it not explain itself?" said Miss Vyvyan, when she had read it.

"It contains some pleasant tidings, and suggests some miserable conjectures," said Honoria; "but there are gaps in it, which my imagination cannot fill up."

"I think I could supply them," said Miss Vyvyan, "perhaps better than the writer; but this subject, my dear, is one which I always abstain from speaking on in your presence."

"I am very grateful to you for the forbearance," said Honoria; "it has been most kind, most delicate; but it would be idle sentimentalism if I persisted in refusing to hear your explanations on a subject in which so many dear friends seem interested."

"So strangely are the events of our lives connected," said Miss Vyvyan, "that to explain a circumstance that happened last month, I must tell you of one that happened twenty-five years ago. I fear it will convict my brother of great weakness, but I am willing that he should suffer that imputation, rather than the worse charge—of hardness of heart."

"Your aunt Vyvyan, Miss Wharton (now Mrs. Hartenfield), and myself, were educated to-

gether at a convent in Rouen. I was the eldest of the three, and had been a year at the school when your aunt arrived. There were few English girls besides ourselves. Our families knew a little of each other, and she was therefore in a measure forced into an acquaintance with me. You know what a character Mrs. Vyvyan was, and you will not be surprised that I should have willingly accepted, and greatly prized her friendship; but I knew, from the first, how much there is of accident in the creation of such attachments, and how little time they are likely to last. I expected, therefore, that Maria would very soon learn to like other society better than mine; and if a less attractive person than Miss Wharton had appeared, the result would have been the same. A most attractive person she was indeed, and one in whose favour even those who were used to regard, might have been content to resign their pretensions. Her manners were more winning than those of any person I ever saw; in all accomplishments she was superior—her conversation astonished even the French: and, besides all this, she had at the age of sixteen a power over the minds of those with whom she associated, which she wielded without the least effort, and which I do not believe at that time was ever exerted for any mischievous purpose. She used

to say that I was the most jealous being she had ever met in the world, and perhaps she thinks me so still, but you see that I do her justice, though I believe Maria—however, that is foolish, and I am rather too old to be prating about school-girl **SOFTOWNS**.

“There was nothing childish, however, or silly, in the regard your aunt felt for Miss Wharton—it was the attachment of a very refined and cultivated mind to one of greater strength, and, as it seemed to us then, scarcely less delicacy than her own. I do not think I ever reproached her with it; if I did, I repented afterwards; indeed, I had no right, for Miss Wharton always treated me with great kindness, though, as was natural enough, she did not feel the same interest in securing my friendship, as Maria’s; however, we were all of us on very good terms. They did not laugh at my singularities nearly so much as the vulgar girls, who had less right to do it; and the year before we left school, when they were meditating different plans for keeping up their intimacy, I was occasionally comprehended in the arrangement. Thinking therefore that they might be induced to tolerate my society for the sake of enjoying each other’s, I proposed, the summer we were all to leave Rouen, that, instead of returning to England, they should accompany me, and the rest of my

father's family, on an excursion to Paris—I suppose no young ladies have any great objection to see Paris—and they consented immediately.

“I have told you what struck me at the time, as the principal difference in the character of my friends—so I may call them,—and you will easily suppose that there was another. Maria, though I am not aware that her susceptibility had been hitherto put to any proof, was as much formed to feel love as to create it; while, notwithstanding Miss Wharton's strictly feminine physiognomy and manners, it would have been easier to imagine an Amazon yielding to any tender emotions, than her; nor had she, as far as we could judge, any desire of making conquests. She was too much afraid of losing her own strength, in trying to vanquish another's. The visit to Paris soon proved their disposition. Miss Wharton saw every thing, learnt much, pleased many, astonished all, acquired an influence over several, became subject to none. Maria only found time to fall desperately in love with my brother, then in the suite of the English ambassador at Paris, and to inspire him with a passion as vehement as her own. Marriage would have been the death of all my brother's prospects, and of course it would have been madness to ask my father's consent; but some hint of it reached his ears, and we

quitted Paris very abruptly. My brother had previously made me his *confidante*, and had secured a far more powerful pleader in his behalf in Miss Wharton. Indeed, considering how very kindly Maria's dispositions towards him were, he took rather more pains than was necessary to conciliate the regard of her friend. In a little time, however, he congratulated himself upon his sagacity, for he received a letter from Miss Wharton, inviting him to her father's house, where she signified to him that Maria was also staying. My brother did not think the invitation at all singular, or, if it were, that it was explained by the remarkable character of Miss Wharton; and as I was invited at the same time, he thought the arrangement particularly unobjectionable: he obtained leave of absence, and proceeded *incognito* to the house of Mr. Wharton."

"I think you will agree with me, that two persons more happily fitted for each other, in every respect, than your aunt and Mr. Vyvyan, never existed; and I formed the same opinion when they first became attached at Paris. It gained strength when they met in England; every day they grew more devoted to each other, and it seemed impossible that any thing could separate them. One young lady alone seemed to think it possible; she was a cousin of Miss Wharton, a

young boarding-school miss, who was making her *début* in flirtation, and whose desperate attempts upon my brother caused Maria and himself equal amusement.

“ Yet, at the end of three weeks, I saw clearly, and Maria began to feel bitterly, that my brother’s affection had lost a great deal of its fervour. What occasioned the change, Maria at least could not guess, and I do not know whether she gained much light from Miss Wharton. My unfortunate habit of suspicion suggested the cause. It had struck me as singular that the young coquette to whom I have alluded, however silly by right of her youth and her education, should be so utterly deficient in observation, as not to perceive that if her attentions were not regarded as very offensive, it was only because they were extremely ridiculous—that she escaped being hated by being despised. I could not help, therefore, sometimes fancying she was only a puppet in the hands of some much cleverer person. A conversation with the simpleton confirmed my opinion: she asked me whether I really believed that my brother cared much for Maria—confessed that she doubted it—wondered that I could possibly think her worthy of him—and, after a little conversation, owned, with many blushes, that she had sometimes thought, and indeed a friend, who understood hu-

man nature very well, was of the same opinion, that he did occasionally show a sort of regard towards her. She added, that she would not for the world be the occasion of separating the lovers; she would rather leave the house the next day. I comforted her mind upon the subject, assuring her that I did not see the least danger in her remaining as long as she pleased; but I could not help meditating upon the motive which had induced her friend, who understood human nature so well, to encourage the silly child in her belief. Certainly, it might be for the sake of quizzing or humbling her; so any one else would have interpreted it: but then, as I said before, I am very suspicious. I had before been occasionally surprised by parts of Miss Wharton's conduct towards my brother; and when I began to reflect a little more upon the subject, I became very well convinced that, if it had not been for the obtrusive coquetry of her cousin, they would have startled me much more. Her conversation and manners were such a contrast to those of the vulgar school-girl, that it was impossible to believe their objects were the same; but when I considered what sort of behaviour a woman of her powers was likely to adopt when she wished to obtain influence over the mind of a man, and when I recollected in what way she had won the

affections of friends among our sex, I saw that I had been misled by my comparison. She was adopting the most effectual means to withdraw my brother from his allegiance—and, alas! with too much success. The masked battery which had deceived me, imposed much more effectually upon the lovers. Maria, in the confidence of friendship, believed that none but good influence could ever reach her or Mr. Vyvyan from that quarter; and my brother did not see the arrow which was sent against himself, till he was wounded.

“Any attempts to undeceive Maria would have been useless; she would have attributed my hints to the worst motives, and would only have been strengthened in her regard for Miss Wharton. Besides, how should I have benefited either party by making her miserable? It seemed a better course to rouse my brother’s conscience; and this I determined to adopt. I wish, my dear, you may be taught, by a milder discipline than mine, the danger of such experiments: that interview has been a lesson to me for life. My brother listened to me, first with ridicule, then with assumed indifference; then he sprang from his chair, and cursed me for drawing a dreadful secret out of his heart, which, but for me, would have remained for ever hidden there; then swore that

he would marry Maria the next day ; and concluded with declaring, that he would give worlds to believe Miss Wharton hated him, but that he was sure she was in love with him, and therefore he must remain a lost wretch. I left him, firmly persuaded that my indiscretion had ruined the two persons in the world for whom I was most interested.

“ But Providence, which had ordained this lesson of humility for me, repaired the evil effects of it. The following day I received a letter, announcing the severe illness of my father. Our family was ignorant that my brother was staying with me at Miss Wharton’s, and he wished to make this an excuse for delaying his journey a day or two ; but I insisted upon his accompanying me, and indeed his own filial piety, which had always been remarkable, at length triumphed over his dangerous inclinations. For some weeks my father remained in great danger, and during that time Mr. Vyvyan watched incessantly by his bedside. One day, when he was absent, I seized the opportunity of a slight improvement in the invalid to mention Maria, and to beseech his consent to their marriage. I was reputed to have some influence with my father, and I urged such strong motives in the danger to which he would expose my brother of forming another less honorable

connexion, (I hope I did not commit any sin in availing myself of the slight *équivoque* in that word,) that, after some struggle, he yielded. Without informing my brother, and exacting a promise from my father that he would not, I immediately wrote to Maria, inviting her to our house. Before I sent the letter, I had a conversation with my brother, which convinced me that my hopes of the effect which the solitude of a sick chamber had produced upon him were not groundless, and that the image of Maria had returned to his mind with its original fascination. I did not, however, tell him that I had invited her, till one day before her arrival. That arrival completely restored him to himself. He submitted to my guidance. The circumstances, I thought, justified precipitation. There was the plea of his diplomatic duties requiring his presence in France, and, at the first moment of returning health to my father, I had the pleasure of seeing them married.

“ Miss Wharton had displayed so much indignation when your aunt accepted my invitation, that a great coolness arose between them, and no letters were exchanged. Maria wrote an affectionate one to her, announcing her marriage, and expressing a fervent wish for the renewal of their intimacy. The communication was not answered

immediately, but at the end of a month Mrs. Vyvyan received a letter of formal congratulation; signed 'Elizabeth Hartenfield.'

"It is possible this marriage may have led my brother to suppose that the indications of a regard for him, which had appeared in Miss Wharton, were the creation of his own self-conceit. Possibly it removed any unpleasant feelings which might connect themselves with the name of Mrs. Hartenfield, by relieving him from the sense of having acted dishonorably; and possibly the many years of happiness which he enjoyed after his marriage with Mrs. Vyvyan, altogether obliterated from his recollection the weakness which preceded it. No doubt also Maria, who entertained the deepest affection for her old friend, after all connexion had ceased, laboured to impart her feelings to him.

"However that may be, when we came to London he expressed a wish that you should be acquainted with her; and you may remember what pains he took to prepossess you in her favour, and what pleasure his letters expressed at the closeness of your intimacy. Still they had never seen each other; and I half-suspected that an unconscious dread of meeting her was the cause of his not visiting us in London. Maria has told you the scene of their first interview, one evening, the

first time Mr. Vyvyan went out after his late attack. She was walking through the church-yard with him, when they observed a lady sitting on a tomb-stone opposite the family vault, reading the inscription on your aunt's grave: when they approached, she raised her head. Mr. Vyvyan said, 'Elizabeth!' She started; he apologized; an explanation followed. She said she had taken lodgings in the neighbourhood; that she had been irresistibly tempted to visit her friend's grave, but had been anxious to avoid seeing any of the family, as she had a young friend with her whose name and presence would be painful to them. They did not know then of the — the separation;—but that is of no consequence. They called upon her, and there has been close intercourse between them ever since. At first she patronized Maria excessively, and she, I thought, from her first letter, was rather fascinated by her. But very soon she began to throw out insinuations against you. Maria spoke vehemently in your behalf and your brother's, and from friends they became bitter enemies. Then she took up Louisa, and contrived to sow dissensions between two sisters who had never quarrelled in their lives before. Poor Maria has suffered more than you could easily guess from the playful way in which she writes—partly on

her sister's account, but much more on her father's, whose mind she saw had been poisoned by the hints which she repulsed so indignantly. Time, and a visit from you, will convince him of their falsehood. I wish the infatuation which caused him to believe them may be removed as easily."

CHAPTER XVII.

Second Lord. Hath the Count all this intelligence?

First Lord. Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

SHAKESPEARE.

' I will confess what I know without restraint; if ye pinch me like a pesty, I can say no more. *Ibid.*

THA crowd of contradictory sensations which Honoria experienced in reading Maria's letter were for a moment quieted by the invitation at the close of it. The proofs of her brother's innocence accumulated so rapidly that, with her faith, it was impossible not to expect a speedy and honorable acquittal for him. What a pleasant prospect opened upon her afterwards! She had seen him once, and received many letters from him since he had shaken off his atheism; and though she did not know the alarming nature of his disease, she could see the fruits of his recovery. All his early hopes, all his childish affections, lived again; the

spirit which bound them to each other had resumed his sway—the demon which separated them had vanished. How happy would be intercourse with a brother so disciplined and purified! how delightful to feel that it was not the commencement of an affection, but the renewal of one! how comfortable to realize that conviction amidst the scenes where the first seeds of it were sown, and which had nourished its early growth!

I know not how it happened, but this last vision did not seem so attractive when she contemplated it again. She hated London cordially; for the pleasure which she took a short time in its mixed society had been entirely banished, either by her own reflections or by the influence of Mrs. Hartenfield. She found solitude less agreeable there than any where else: domestic life seemed to her almost impossible, and it was there that the two strongest friendships she ever formed were created and dissolved. She loved Vyvyan Hall in her inmost soul; for the childish affection which she felt towards it, whilst she lived there, had been crushed under one more powerful, and it had sprung up again a fixed, mature, womanly affection. Yet the thought of leaving a place which she hated, for one which she loved, would not endure a second examination.

I shall not attempt to penetrate the mazes of

perplexed, unaccountable thoughts to which the discovery of this unwillingness led her. None of her feelings lay on the surface, and certainly not that which she cherished towards her old home. If there was one still deeper, it must have been very deep indeed. The course of circumstances, and not our vulgar scrutiny, must bring it to light.

As our hero's trial was approaching, his counsel were of opinion that Maria Vyvyan should come to town immediately. Honoria was writing one morning to summon her, when Captain Maryatt entered with a joyful countenance, and placed a letter in her hands. It was directed 'Eustace Conway, Esq.' and read as follows:—

“ Paris, ———.

“ MY DEAR SIR,

“ A few days ago I had a visit from the footman, Johnson. He came to ask me for money, mentioning that he had been promised a handsome bribe by your friends to turn King's evidence against me. I trust you know me well enough to believe that I entirely refused a demand which I had no possible motive to comply with, and I am quite sure you are too reasonable to pay the man for a service which common sense will induce him to perform gratis.

“ It is surprising how little the commonest rules of action are understood by even clever men and women. An ingenious correspondent taunts me, because, in spite of my extraordinary wisdom, (as she is pleased to express herself,) I have put myself into the power of a knave. Now it strikes me as tolerably evident that a man who wants the services of a rogue, and does not employ them because they are the services of a rogue, is a fool in the first degree; and a man who uses the services of a rogue, not knowing him to be a rogue, is a fool in the second degree. Speaking with humility, I am neither. I needed the services of Mr. Johnson, I employed them; I believed him to be a scoundrel, and the event has justified my opinion. Johnson, who seems on the whole an intelligent man, has taken up a still more extraordinary notion respecting my motives in this affair. He imagines I wish to be revenged upon you for the unfortunate accident which brought you to my house that evening, and for the zeal, successful as it turned out, with which you exerted yourself in Miss Duncan’s rescue. I am at a loss to conceive how such a notion could occur to any one. I was in danger; I saw a way of transferring it to another; and, because I took the course which reason prescribed, I am supposed to be influenced by the most irrational of all appetites. So far from

wishing for your execution, I shall be happy to contribute my mite to your acquittal, both because you are an ingenious man whom I respect, and because I am anxious to discourage a report so derogatory to my understanding as the one I have mentioned. I have now transferred all my property into this kingdom, and shall not suffer from an outlawry. Any documentary evidence which I can afford in support of Johnson's confession and your own statement, will be very much at your service; and if any friends of yours will call at my lodgings in Rue *****, I shall be happy to make an explicit statement of the whole transaction.

"I am now writing a history of the Christian Church. When one considers how much good Gibbon has done, in spite of his aristocratical feeling, and his detestable style, one cannot help thinking that such a work, written upon infidel principles, may produce a most beneficial effect on the age. I had intended to include the Jewish economy; but a clergyman of the English church, I find, has taken that part of the labour off my hands.

"Yours, very truly,

"MARMADUKE RUMBOLD."

"Your cousin, you see, Miss Conway, may be

saved the trouble of a journey," said Captain Marryatt, when she had concluded the letter.

"But is it possible," she exclaimed, "that this can be genuine?"

"Your brother tells me, that it bears undoubted internal evidence of truth, and he is well acquainted with the author."

"Thank God that my brother is acquainted with him no longer!" said Honoria. "He rescued Miss Duncan then!—the letter says so."

"Evidently — though he will not yet make any statement of the circumstances. We must learn them from Rumbold."

"My dear Eustace! Yet he could not have acted otherwise — to be himself!" she added, proudly.

"Ah, Miss Conway! if men were always themselves! Can you bear," he added, "to think of the guilty person escaping, while your brother has suffered so cruel a punishment for being a deliverer?"

"Bear to think of it!" said Honoria. "I should be sorry to hear that Mr. Rumbold was apprehended."

"If he were only an abducer—but such shocking treachery!"

"Oh! what torments he must suffer for it!

Surely there is not a being on earth more deserving of our pity."

"This is not the letter of a person who is suffering the torments of conscience, Miss Conway," said Captain Marryatt, emphatically. "And if it were," he said in a low voice, "would you pity him?"

"The name does not signify," said Honoria; "if it is not conscience he is suffering from, it is something more terrible. His mad spite against religion—how miserable that must be!"

"Does it seem to you quite unaccountable?" said her companion.

"I cannot tell what demons may enter into men's hearts and possess them: but such a state of mind is incomprehensible to me."

"I allow that no doubts concerning its doctrines, scarcely any dislike of its restraints, could explain this settled malignity; but suppose, before he knew his right hand from his left, in very infancy, religion was presented to him in some loathsome form, and that he could never afterwards get rid of the association?"

"The impressions of our childhood are very strong," said Honoria. "It is a great responsibility when they have all been in our favour."

"I knew a wretch once," said Captain Mar-

ryatt,—“he had not Mr. Rumbold’s strong powers of mind, else, perhaps, he might have overcome the horrible prepossession,—whose cradle, I really believe, was cursed. He had a parent, Miss Conway, who made animating speeches at religious meetings, about sending the words of truth and love through the whole family of man, and never spoke one loving and true word in his own family—who burnt Shakspeare in his study, and feasted on turtle-soup with horrible voracity—who forced his children to repeat a catechism twenty times as long as the one we use, and encouraged them to be spies upon each other—who revelled in the threatenings of the Bible, and outraged every one of its precepts—who would argue for hours to prove that some man, whom less pious persons thought a good Christian, belonged to the Prince of Darkness;—and, by a series of brutalities, murdered his wife.”

“How horrible!” exclaimed Honoria. “But a mother might counteract even this dreadful influence.”

“Yes; her smiles and tears, and prayers, were not quite in vain. The mark of the beast was not upon all the children. None of them were happy, but some of them grew up good and lovely. The one I spoke of had a crueller destiny than the rest. When he was a boy, he had spiritual con-

flicts, and spiritual ecstasies. He wrestled with fiends, saw seraphic visions, and fancied that he should attain a high place in the roll of the faithful."

"If these were delusions, and they vanished, he was indeed worthy of the deepest commiseration," said Honoria.

"But he would not be a lawful object of it, Miss Conway. When delusions go, faith too often goes with them, and then comes recklessness, with the momentary joys of new-found liberty, and a heavy reversion of miseries. If you had seen the kind of person I mean, you could not think that we are permitted to pity them."

"Not permitted?" said Honoria. "In what part of the law which enjoins universal love can we find such a prohibition? Is our compassion to diminish, as the need of it increases?"

"Still, are we not injuring our own minds when we allow them to sympathize with the sinful?"

"God does not seem to think so!" said Honoria. "One erring mortal can do but little for another; and if we must withhold forgiveness and affection, that little would be nothing."

"Oh, what true and wonderful words!" said Captain Marryatt. "Those who have aimed at divine fervours, and have been cheated of their hopes, know indeed what the consolation of hu-

man affection is—there is magic in a gentle voice or look to them, which others do not perceive. Those who have only had ordinary excitements, may find ordinary comforts to soothe them; but the charm which is to quiet such a spirit, can be pronounced only by female lips; the drops from Paradise which are to cool the raging of such a fever, can be brought only by female hands.”

Honorina was startled at the energy of Captain Marryatt's manner. She looked at his countenance—it reminded her of that in Senhor Martendo's house, only the expression now was much softer. She bent down her head, and said in a low voice, “They can only be useful if they administer the right medicines.”

“Before she had finished her sentence a stranger entered the room. It was Morton, a person for whom she had no great esteem, but at this time she felt his appearance a relief. Besides, he had left M——, as he observed, in hopes of being useful to his friend, at the prospect of whose acquittal he manifested great pleasure, so that Honorina could not feel otherwise than good-naturedly towards him, though his conversation was exceedingly clever, and intolerably tiresome. Captain Marryatt manifested more impatience; he took up half a dozen annuals, carefully pulled

off their covers one by one, examined their bindings critically, occasionally with natural reluctance opened one of the volumes, slowly replaced it in its covering, and at last buried his thoughts in a 'Morning Chronicle.' When he was quite absorbed in a leading article, headed (we cannot answer for the date) "The aristocracy are the real rulers in England," Morton, whose hippocrene of nonsense was probably growing drouthy, said, 'Marryatt, I want to ask you a question. You are Lord Edward Mortimer's executor.' Captain Marryatt dropped the paper, looked up, stared wildly at Honoria, clasped his hands together, and exclaimed, 'Merciful heavens, so I am!'"

His manner was so alarming, that both his companions started. Honoria turned deadly pale, but Morton quickly recovered himself, and said—

"If you have forgotten any official duty, I can sympathize with you. I had engaged at the last election, at Wickham Close, to make twelve doubtful voters drunk, and bring them up to poll for a friend of mine. I forgot it: they went over to the other side, and, in consequence, the eternal principles of truth and justice, as well as the cause of civil and religious liberty all over the world, have met with a repulse in the borough of Wickham, which they may possibly never recover."

"That is exactly the case," said Captain Marryatt, laughing, but somewhat forcedly, as he rose from his chair. "I was a little startled at first, but the fault may be repaired. Miss Conway must forgive my strange conduct," he said, in a low and faltering voice to Honoria, taking her hand as he left the room. "I shall not see her again for a long time."

The next morning she received a note from Eustace, in the postscript of which he mentioned, "That Captain Marryatt had paid him a farewell visit. He is leaving London, and I think England for some time, on important, and from the way in which he spoke of it, I fear on painful business. His kindness to me has been extraordinary, and I shall always feel grateful for it."—

As my readers are acquainted with all the evidence which was brought forward in Eustace Conway's trial, I will not detain them with an account of the proceedings. Rumbold kept his promise of making a full confession to two respectable persons; and their testimony, with the confirmation it received from Charles Vyvyan's narrative of his conversation with Fanny Rumbold, and the cross-examination of Miss Duncan, established our hero's innocence, to the satisfaction of the court, the jury, and the spectators. The judge complimented and reprimanded him, and the papers of

the following day said, "Never did we see such lively joy pervading an assembly," &c.; a paragraph which was probably written before the cause came on.

CHAPTER XVIII.

To be suspected, thwarted, and withstood,
Ev'n when he labours for his country's good.

COWPER.

OUR hero spent more time in society during the month after his acquittal than he had done during all his previous residence in London; and it will be guessed that he was not slow in preaching that faith which now possessed his whole soul; nor need I be very careful to tell my readers with what success his mission was attended. They know enough of the feelings of mankind to be aware, that if he was treated as a boy for supposing that the world could be improved by a change in its institutions, he was laughed at as a madman, for affirming that it could be improved without any; that if it was deemed wild theorizing to affirm that the constitution of England could be bettered, it was censured as positive raving to

imagine that we have any constitution in our own souls to better; that if his hearers yawned when he descanted on the advantages of national union, they snored when he proclaimed that each individual ought to have an energetic will; that his former political friends, exulting to find one man, and him too a deserter from their own ranks, upholding opinions still more obnoxious to the million than their own, (like Fag, in the Rivals, transferring Captain Absolute's kicks to the errand-boy,) pelted him with all the mud that aged and sober persons had so long been pelting at them; that comfortable men of the world, who, when he had ventured his former heresies, repulsed him by the pointed *argumentum ad hominem*—"Reform the constitution, young gentleman! why don't you reform yourself?" when he avowed himself a convert to their arguments, and expressed his anxiety that he and every one should begin the task of self-purification at once, they accused him of having passed from a Radical into a Methodist; lastly, that in spite of this imputation, he found avowed self-seekers far more popular with the majority of the religious world than he was—it being a principle adopted and acknowledged by men who call themselves the successors of Hooker and Latimer, that the question whether

we would gain the treasures of earth or heaven is a matter of calculation, and that, consequently, there is, and ought to be, more sympathy between those who calculate well for their interests here, and those who calculate well for their interests hereafter, than between the latter and those who profess a wish to banish selfishness altogether. All this opposition he had in part expected, but he had another and severer disappointment to endure. He knew that his sister Honoria was neither a politician nor a worldling,—that she held that gospel, according to the ledger from which the religious folk of the day take so many of their texts, to be apocryphal, and not even profitable for example of life or instruction of manners,—that self-love formed no article in her Christianity, but that she believed the end of Christianity was to extinguish it,—that her heart was single and courageous from a consciousness of being single,—that her faith was living and fervent, not dogmatic,—that she had not the spirit of this age, in which men and women are so eminently tolerant of themselves, and so eminently critical upon one another—but the spirit of the Bible, which inculcates unqualified severity in dealing with ourselves, and unbounded charity to our brethren. He knew this—and how then could he help feeling confidence that she would,

ex animo, subscribe to a creed inculcating the gentleness which she loved, denouncing the selfishness which she hated? He was mistaken; she listened to him with affection, with deep delight, at times with unrestrained sympathy; but there was a trembling anxiety in her very interests, a sadness in the smile which testified her scarcely conscious approbation. "My dear Eustace," she would sometimes say to him, "your faith in human nature, and in our power of becoming as wise, and good, and happy as we wish to be, is very beautiful, and I doubt not you often find it exhilarating; but I fear you will not find it so always. You are fortunate indeed if you are without moments of heavy overpowering depression; and fortunate,—no, I dare not say that,—if by any effort of your own, you can rise out of them. You seem to think that this is possible, nay, that by merely determining that you will, you can rise entirely above this earth and all its vanities. I am sure, Eustace, that this opinion is false—perfectly sure; but I am not sure that you hold it. I know that women are constantly mistaking the sentiments of men—that they are seldom able to recognize an old truth in a new dress,—they often deem expressions very strange and wicked, because they apply their own narrow meanings to them; I am aware of this, and there-

fore when I am surprised, or revolted by any thing which I hear, I always turn away rather than sit in judgment upon the person who uttered it ; and if I dare not pronounce that one of whom I am ignorant, is wrong in his heart because his words sound so, it is not very likely that I should readily believe him wrong whom I do know to be kind-hearted, sincere, and high-minded in all he says, and thinks, and does,—that it never can be mischievous to warn the best, the wisest, against self-confidence. I feel the necessity in my own case of never using even a phrase, a word, which can by possibility deceive me into the belief that I possess any strength or wisdom, sufficient even to resist the slightest temptation—far less to support me in the evil day, which something very different from superstitious terror warns me is approaching.”

Such remarks as these, perhaps, caused Eustace more pain than any violent opposition ; they convinced him that his opinions would encounter resistance from those very qualities which he hoped to enlist in their support,—that the faith of the strongest-minded, most high-hearted woman must still be in a great degree a faith of habit,—and that a peculiar belief in Christianity was less compatible with a belief in his religion, than he had once seen reason to believe. As far, how-

ever as his personal feelings were concerned, he endured all this opposition with good humour; but his faith taught him to act. Kreutzner had told him that though he had failed in his political enterprises, he had still a mode of influencing society. What mode? "True," he said, "if I were seeking some path to personal honour and emolument, there would be ample room for deliberation. But if Kreutzner meant this, he has been mocking me; if I meant it, I have been mocking myself. It would be a new preparation for convincing my fellow-men that they have spirit, to spend years of my life in tearing bodies to pieces; a new way to fit myself for enfranchising them from the customs and tributes of society, to yoke myself to conceits and formulas and precedents; a new way to deliver them from the bondage of a formal religion, to become myself a preacher of it. It were a new way also, in order that I may rescue men from the dominion of state-craft, to study, preach, and practise it in a public office, or in the senate. And this seems almost to exhaust the round of possibilities; for what though there be other worlds, as the fashionable, the mercantile, there is still that wanting, without which Archimedes could not have moved them. Truly I fear that I was practically right at first,—that if not men, at least Englishmen, are bound by a necessity, which, by

the utmost energy of their wills, they cannot control."

A bright thought crossed him—Is every Englishman indeed so chained? but at least he is not chained to England. Why could he not make an experiment upon some other society, where the obstructions which seem to barricade every avenue to men's minds here, do not exist. "True," he said, "wise men will laugh at my notion of leaving the country, where the liberty of speech and writing is greatest, in order to seek a clear stage for making myself heard. But let them laugh;—if they have never considered the question honestly and practically, their laugh is not worth much; if they have, they must know it is misapplied. Ever since Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia, and long before, some men have been found, who were not quite patient of happy valleys; and fortunate those who are not condemned to live in them.—Yes, I will leave England!"

And whither should he go? In the last age the answer would have been immediate; but Eustace had no dreams about the beauty of savage life: since he was quite a boy, the existence of a backwoodsman had never come before him, invested with any charms; and he was quite convinced, that if institutions are some bar to the reformer, the want of them is a much more insurmountable one; but if not savage North

America, why not civilized? It was not easy to answer this question satisfactorily; for there was every advantage,—similarity of language, wonderful institutions, a people, (if their own writers, who must know best, are to be trusted,) the mightiest, most magnanimous, most wise upon the earth. But the extreme plausibility of this scheme was what most annoyed Eustace in it; for an internal shudder told him that, of all countries, exactly the one he should least care to visit, he should most abhor to reside in, was the United States. Indeed, at one time, the notion seemed to him so horribly reasonable, that I am afraid, if news of that great country being swallowed by an earthquake, or subjugated to a military despot, had reached Eustace, he would have said with resignation, that he had no doubt it was for the best.

As no such news, however, did arrive, he thought it well for the present to leave this obstinate garrison behind him, and to march into the other countries, in hopes of finding some one which his reason could pronounce equally eligible, and his inclination much more.—The southern continent? What! an agent to the ‘Guatemala Mining Company?’ No: a country wanting both the energy of war and the tranquillity of peace—a country neither old nor new—a country which has reason to abhor all its recollections, and has nothing

very certain to hope for—a country which has not a man whom it can confidently call honest, was not likely to tempt one who, reformer as he was, wished nevertheless to have a foundation of good to work upon. His eyes glanced over Hindostan without resting; they lingered much longer on Greece; but, after a reverie, he determined that mere sentimentalism is unworthy of a genuine friend to mankind; “and why,” he thought, “should I again sink into my political delusion?—I have too much lusting that way still, and I must rid myself of it. No, it must be to some of the countries on the Continent, which are better ripe for excitement of the best and most real kind, of a kind *not* political, than any pirate island in the Archipelago, or any trading republics over the Atlantic. Thither I shall not go with the vanity of an instructor; I shall be among learned men, who will teach me while I teach them, who will give me knowledge while I stimulate them to use it. There I shall find society not parcelled out into sections, as in England, nor yet semi-barbarous, as in America. I shall be free from aristocratical restraints, and yet I shall mix with gentlemen. I shall find men thinking wrongly, perversely, mischievously, but still thinking. There will not be the disagreeable discovery which we make so often here, which we should probably make still oftener among the na-

tives of the United States, who read so much, and reflect so little, that the persons we are conversing with have taken in all we said, and can make very apt answers, and yet have not comprehended one word or letter of it,—there one will not be bored with idiots who agree with one in every particular—or with idiots who, from mere blunder-headedness, run foul of all one's propositions, which are, in fact, neither more nor less offensive than any others, if they had only wit to know what they are—nor with idiots, the most awful class of all, because there is a dash of solemn coxcombry in their folly, who say that every thing you contend for is true in a sense."

Shortly before his acquittal, Eustace induced Kreutzner to confess the cause of his imprisonment. It was a trifling debt to the landlord of the house in which he lodged, which had been long discharged, but for which he could not produce a receipt. With some difficulty he agreed to accept this, and a small additional sum from our hero. They left prison the same day, and spent a week together at Grosvenor Place; after which Kreutzner took lodgings in a farm-house in Kent. There Eustacé determined to visit him, before he settled the details of his plan. He knew that Kreutzner had some experience of the Continent, and he be-

lieved that a narrative of his adventures, which he once had promised to tell him, would be the best guide in shaping his course. The German was in low spirits, and our hero could scarcely identify him with the enthusiast who, a month before, had redeemed him from despondency ; but he willingly acceded to his proposal, and began as follows :—

CHAPTER XIX.

HISTORY OF A GERMAN.

O happy pleasure ! here to dwell
Beside thee in some heathy dell ;
Adopt thy homely ways and dress,
A Shepherd, thou a Shepherdess !
* * * * *

Now thanks to Heaven ! that of its grace
Hath led me to this lonely place,
Joy have I had ; and going hence
I bear away my recompense.

WORDSWORTH.

“ I HAVE always considered the casualties which befall us in this world merely as links to bind together the different parts of our spiritual being, which, the severance of them having been occasioned by our temporary subjection to the laws of time and space, must be brought again into union by accidents springing out of those relations. In my narrative, therefore, you must not expect that *natural order*, which is the consequence of events being arranged according to their apparent bigness, or their apparent succession ;

you must be content to dispense with coherency, unless you will reflect that the highest method is that which the character has pursued in its workings; and that he who will observe this strictly, cannot change the disposition of the facts, which are the exponents of these workings for the sake of giving them an independent congruity. You must not complain of events which, measured in space, are trivial, being mixed with others, which, tried by the same standard, are grand; nor of incidents which occupied only a few minutes being classed above others that it required years to accomplish: you must try their size by a psychometrical not a geometrical rule; you must remember that a time-piece in my own heart, not the clocks of the world, fixes their duration.

“ I do not suppose you will think these remarks necessary to account for my attaching great importance to the instructions of my nurse. You cannot, however, understand how deep and lasting is the obligation I owe her, unless you had been in my country and had felt that *plague* of *scholarship* which fills our atmosphere, and is to the spiritual life of a German what the malaria is to the natural life of the Romans. From the infection of that juice-drying, blood-sucking plague, I have been preserved by the providence of my nurse. She sang to me, in a pleasant and even in a sweet voice, old German ballads, which have

been long since driven from the palace, and the castle, and the school—from the tongues of learned men, and the memories of the wise—but which still live in the cottage upon the withered lips of beldames, and in the hearts of their children. Long may they live there untainted, undisturbed! Long may it be before any critic conceives the thought of dragging their beauties to light! Long may our Schlegels and Bouterweks find occupation abroad; and when they have proved to the world that ‘Hamlet’ and ‘Il Magico Prodigioso’ are fine poems, may the devil put it in their hearts to make the same experiment upon the ‘Ramayuna,’ so that they never approach the hearths of their own land, and undertake to teach why these precious relics of our forefathers should be admired! May there be men and women, even in Germany, who love without having been told what good things they are loving, and how wise it is to love! Of these songs I do not know I ever saw one in print, and very few scattered verses remain in my memory; but the music of them is passed into my heart. I feel it through my being; and if in the midst of this dizzy reeling world I am fixed,—if while pulled this way and that by its distractions, I am calm,—if under the pressure of its heavy cares I am alive, how ought I to bless the memory of Maria Klaproth!

“ Most Germans, and most Englishmen, would have reason to be thankful for such a simple instructress ; but I, perhaps, more than any. After a few happy years passed under her threshold,—for I was brought up with her children in a good, primitive, peasant fashion,—I was taken back to my father’s house in Weissenfels. There I was forced to practise all the proprieties and decorums of a gentleman’s child. From that time till I was twelve, my existence was dreary enough. My father was one of those men who had been a great admirer of French manners and French literature, because the Great Frederick liked them, and because every body liked them; and, more than both reasons together, because they were feeble and artificial, till the French Revolution. Then every thing was outwardly changed. No more coquetting with infidelity ; no *Encyclopedie-ism* ; no *Candide*’s ; no *De l’Esprit*’s and *De l’Homme*’s above all, though they indeed were always too strong for my father’s taste ; no *Contrat Social*’s and *Emile*’s,—all were consigned to the *Index Expurgatorius*. Moreover, as well as they could, my father and the other converts became very sound patriots ; said *Meinherr* instead of *Monsieur* ; toasted the Elector of Hanover ; regretted that being so good a man, he was not German born ; and drank Rhenish wine with a devoted spirit. In short, the varnish

was complete. Not a spot of Gallican flesh was visible under it. A little more than this, however, is needed in the father and the trainer-up of children. He ought to be a citizen and a man ; and, to say the truth, my father was not very much of either. How deeply his French tastes were rooted may be guessed from the ease with which he tossed them off ; and yet they were as much rooted as any thing in his mind could be ; that is to say, they stuck to him from a sympathy of shallowness. When he gave up his French books, he looked out for those which most resembled them in the qualities which had endeared them to him. His search was soon successful. I do not know whether it is to the voluntary diligence of our own sixth-rate *literati*, or the patronage of your excellent Sovereign, (who, in his kind care for his Electoral dominions, once thought of introducing your Eton Grammars into our schools—a design which, through the representations of Heyne, and the special interference of the tutelary genius of Hanover, he was induced to abandon,) that we are indebted for our translations of the works which used to delight your grandmothers ; but so it was, that, on some evil day or other, the windows of heaven were opened, and a deluge of Guardians, Ramblers, Worlds, Looking-Glasses, Connoisseurs, were rained upon our land. With this thin nutri-

ment, strained through a feeble German version, were my boyish years sustained. I received the usual formal instruction in languages, and the elements of science; but the power to support the pressure of knowledge, and to make use of it, this I was to acquire from the books I have mentioned. What a treasure your 'Robinson Crusoe' or 'Pilgrim's Progress' would have been to me at this time! But neither they nor Plutarch's Lives, nor any German book, was I allowed to peruse. There was, however, one book in my father's library which he did not put out of my reach, and which, after the French Revolution, began to be treated in a most complimentary manner. This also was a translation,—but it was a genuine native book, notwithstanding,—one which, however much of its meaning may have since evaporated in the distillations of the commentators, was once indeed the Book of Life to Germany. Not even when it came new from Luther's hands, to satisfy the cravings after reality which had succeeded ages of bondage to the visible and ceremonial, did this volume bring more refreshment to any mind than it then yielded to mine. It afforded another kind of delight a few years afterwards, when my imagination began to revel in the visions which overwhelmed Ezekiel, and filled with joy the loving spirit of the exile in Patmos. But as yet it was

the pastoral part of the Bible that charmed me ;— Sarah at her tent-door ; Hagar by the fountain in the wilderness ; Isaac beholding the camels which were bringing Rebecca to him ; the meeting of Jacob and Rachel ; Ruth in the corn-field—these became living pictures in my soul. To this day nothing seems to me so vivid and true—nothing so deeply affects me as some passages in the book of Genesis. They supplied my dull childhood with moisture ; and whenever there is dearth in my soul, a sight of these camels and wells of water, and of the women who sat beside them, gives me restoration.

“ By these helps, and by the love of nature, which they nourished in my mind, I was enabled to resist the untoward influences of my education—I was even moderately happy till I reached the age of fifteen or sixteen years. But then came a period of such living torment—torment so pervading, and possessing my whole soul—that I seem unable to contemplate it in the relations of time ; when I try to look upon it as something behind me, it is present, and seems bound by adamant links to my everlasting personality. I cannot therefore describe to you the growth of these feelings ; they seem to possess a unity, which could not arise from any coalition of particles, but which is absolute and necessary. I cannot

trace the period of life to which I have assigned them as a succession of instants ; each one seems to contain my whole being. Oh ! what is there in earth or hell like the first glimpses of an inward world by the awaking soul, like the first horrible vision of a very self ? Let it come when it will, it must be fearful. If it surprises a man in the full maturity of powers, which have already made discoveries and conquests in the outward world, it makes him quake. But what if the spectre starts across the path of a boy—if it scares those faculties which, only just formed, are pressing out to lay hold upon the things around them, and find enough obstructions, from the mere resistance of the medium in which they must act ?—to be suddenly thrust back upon themselves, to have the problem of their own existence at once set before them, and be allowed no rest till they have found its solution ! How terrible is the face of that nature which seemed but now to smile so benignantly upon the spirit which panted for its embraces ! What a deep shadow is cast from the soul of the gazer over all its beauty ! How every spot to which he flees is obscured by the awful form from which he is flying ! and yet, though the phantom haunts him every where, how impossible to grasp the reality ! With what awful murmur

the depth answers to his earnest questioning, 'it is not in me,' and the sea says, 'it is not in me!'

"While I was passing through these conflicts, I spent some time at the house of an uncle, who lived near a ridge of the Hartz mountains. I had more freedom there than at my father's house; and I was often whole days absent from the family, wandering among those favourite haunts of the evil one. At these times, the superstitions of the peasantry, some of which I had heard from my nurse, would occur to me, and at night especially, for I loved to sleep in the open air of the mountains: they now and then got the better of me; yet this was rather a consolation than a new terror. The spirit in the heart was more fearful than the spirit on the hills, and I sought to one as a relief from the other. I did not delight less in being alone there when there was not a star in the firmament, because I sometimes saw giant shadows starting across the distant hills, or heard voices around me, as of spirits talking with their fellows, or caught a low murmuring in the ground beneath. If I add, that I once tried incantations to the devil, it is not because I suppose you can be made to start like the children who go to see 'Der Freyschutz' at your theatres, but to show you what a mere boy I must have been when I

passed through this fiery baptism. I received no answers, and then I prayed for death to relieve my anguish, and clear up the horrible mystery.

“ On a certain day, which will be ever memorable in my history, a fair was held in the neighbourhood of my uncle’s house, at which the peasants and the richer classes had from time immemorial met and taken part in the same diversions. My cousins, who often rallied me upon my melancholy and love of solitude, urged me to accompany them ; but I declined, and, as usual, set out upon a solitary ramble. That whole day was passed in struggles, compared with which all that had preceded them were peace. It was no longer a battle between me and some mightier power, which should have the victory ? I seemed to disappear, and my soul to become the scene of a conflict between two demons, the victory of either of whom would be my perdition.

“ It was a bright summer’s evening when I descended. My way home lay through a meadow, which was flanked on one side by a ridge of the mountain, on the other ran a narrow stream, the opposite bank of which was entirely overhung by alders and willows. The nearest bank was not much wooded : here and there a stout tree threw its branches across it ; but in general there were only a few stumps scattered at distant intervals.

As nearly as I can recollect, the sun could have scarcely set; and an image of its dying beams upon the water floats dimly before my eyes. It is very vague, however, for I was not at all awake to the appearance, in earth or heaven; but the feeling of that evening will never pass away from me. The delicate warmth of the air, with now and then a more sultry breeze crossing it, the humming of the insects, and the bleating of lambs, or rather a faint echo of their bleatings—for nothing loud disturbed the serenity of that day—are now as much parts of myself as they were seventeen years ago. But they would all have passed away, or only been remembered as instances of my torment, if there had not been a fairer object in the landscape than any which I have noted.

“How I came to take that route home, for it was not the nearest—why I left the path to approach the water, for I could not hope the sight of it would give me any pleasure—what led me exactly to that spot—you see I am growing superstitious, and the truth is, when I think of this passage in my history, I can understand, and more than pardon, those who fancy that they have received special supernatural direction in the common circumstances of life. To cherish that conviction habitually, would be to abandon our faith in the

Great Harmony ; but he who has not felt it sometimes, can scarcely have felt at all. And if such interpositions are possible, surely I should not be wrong in supposing that one guided me to the side of Zieschen Schutz ; for what *dignus vindice nodus* can ever occur, if it be not one to bring the human spirit out of the depths of anguish and perplexity, into calmness, and light, and joy ?

“ All this change did I experience from beholding the face of this fair girl. She was sitting upon the edge of the bank, her back leaning against the stump of a tree, and, with the air of one who has been provoked from extreme listlessness into diligence, was fruitlessly trying, by means of a long crook, to overcome the obstinate buoyancy of a water-lily. The position in which she was reclining showed me the whole of her figure ; but I did not at first approach near enough to see her countenance. I stood gazing at a little distance, where I was not visible to her. Presently I became fixed to the spot, and for the next half-hour I did not move ; and I may honestly say that I neither saw, heard, remembered, thought, or felt. I was a clod or stone—nothing more—except, thank heaven ! I had eyes ; and, while I remained absolutely passive, they drank their fill. At the end of that time she seemed to turn. A thought occurred to me—she may be going. I started, and

running forward, as if my life depended upon preventing her, in one moment I was by her side. She looked round at me. I told you my chronology would often be inexact, according to the world's notions—and therefore you can, if you please, contradict me, and say that the feelings which seem to me upgathered into a moment, were really spread over many weeks; but think as you please, you will not take from me the conviction that the moment in which I saw her countenance, was to me that which expelled the friend that so long had been haunting me. What I had craved in vain from earth and hell, was sent to me at last by a girl, whose face and figure proclaimed her to be scarcely sixteen. She treated me with no bashfulness, though it was some time before I could say a word; and when, upon her rising to be gone, I cried, "Oh do not go—you are so beautiful," she very cheerfully staid a little longer, and at last allowed me to accompany her to her own house. She told me she was the daughter of a cow-keeper; that she was watching some sheep there, for her father and sisters would not allow her to be present at the festival; and that she did not care if she punished them by not returning home till it grew rather late.

"The six months which followed this meeting were a period of lightness and happiness such as

few persons have experienced at any part of their life. At my second interview with Zieschen, I thought her yet more beautiful than in the former. From that time we generally passed many hours in each other's company every day, and, whatever the inhabitants of a corrupt capital may think of our intimacy, I am certain there never was a purer. I never loved any woman so well as poor Zieschen—indeed, how could I? Did she not give me my first real feeling of the beautiful? am I not indebted to her for the first glimpse of a calm spiritual life?"

"But still you were not exactly in love with her?" said Eustace.

"Not in love with her—how do you mean? or what do you call love? If you mean merely the love of an image, I had that, for I delighted to watch her smile, I delighted in the sound of her voice, I delighted to play with her tresses, I delighted to kiss her cheeks. But if you mean the love of a spiritual presence, I had that far more; for I loved the gentleness of my own thoughts, I loved the calmness of my dreams, I loved the new pleasure which I felt in intercourse with the world, I loved the stream of pleasant life which ran through my whole being. What more would you have?"

"What more I can hardly say," said Eustace;

“and if I attempted to compile an inventory from my own experience of love at sixteen, it would not perhaps be half so full, certainly not nearly so consistent as yours; but still, however, I dare say you are right. What became of Zieschen?”

“She married, and went to Munich about the same time that I went to the University of ——.”

“Your friendship had been interrupted, I suppose, for a long time previously?”

“Oh no, not for a single day.”

“And you were acquainted with her intention of marrying?”

“Yes; she apprised me of it when our intimacy had lasted about three months.”

“The intelligence must have been a severe blow to you—I do not mean,” he continued, evidently much perplexed both at his own meaning and Kreutzner’s—“I do not mean you could ever have wished to marry the daughter of a cow-herd; but as you did love her with so much purity ——”

“As I did love her with entire purity, what could it signify to me?” said Kreutzner. “If I had been in love with her person principally, the loss of her company would have been cruel indeed; but in my regard for Zieschen, the spiritual love, which nothing could take from me, so much predominated over the mere corporeal, that the loss caused me scarcely any grief. I have had enough

of the other love since, but I would exchange it all for that boyish affection."

"Was Zieschen very amiable?"

"No; she was passionate."

"Clever?"

"Quite a fool!"

"Yet you say it was the spirit you loved, and not the person."

"I did not know that perfection in mind was a condition precedent to love in England," said Kreutzner.

"Why no—upon recollection, the first woman to whom I was attached was a very worthless person; yet there is some difference, Kreutzner, between your conception of love and mine. But I do not think we shall ever understand each other on this point: so will you be kind enough to proceed with your story?"

CHAPTER XX.

Let's all cry, Peace ! Freedom ! and Liberty !

SHAKESPEARE.

" If men," continued the German, " were not grievous strangers to the workings of their own minds on the one hand, or grossly inattentive to the course of history on the other, they could not be unaware of the mysterious connexion which exists between the personal and the national life of each individual. I must be a dull dreamer indeed if, in looking back upon the past stages of my own existence, I did not perceive it. As I am now only thirty-six, I was too young to take any part in the great war of deliverance ; at least, so my father thought. His habitual cowardice, and the remnant of his Gallican dispositions, induced him to truckle by turns to every party which was uppermost, but not to commit himself to any ; and even

when events seemed decisively favorable to the allies, he determined that none of his family should reap any of the harvest of glory which was preparing for Germany. It was not to avert any such danger that I was sent, at the age of sixteen, to my uncle's, near Brunswick, where the chances of my imbibing any martial ardour were less than at Weissenfels, to which place students from Jena, Halle, and Leipsic, were constantly resorting. Who would not have supposed that, as by this means he succeeded in stifling my wishes to raise my boyish arm against French domination, and in turning all my thoughts inward, I should have lost the spiritual fruits of that noble struggle; that the quickening influence which descended upon the rest of my countrymen would have passed by me as the whirlwind, in which the Lord was not, passed by the Israelitish prophet; and that, when the trial was accomplished, I should have slumbered on, a slave amongst freemen? But it was not so,—it could not be so. No imbecility or ignorance could so thwart and defeat the operations of the will. I, too, was to share in the blessings of that conflict; and since they could not descend upon me without my own agency, I, too, was to fight for them. The mountains of the Hartz were to me what the plains of Leipsic were to my more fortunate countrymen. That freedom of soul, so

strange — so new to Germans, which they won in the struggle against the French, I achieved in a far fiercer combat with myself. Their field was the more pleasant and the more honourable ; they had the delight, denied to me, of assisting to rescue the soil from the oppressor, but the result to our own hearts was the same. There was no strangeness in my feelings when I met the young men who had laid by their *Æschylus* and *Horace*, to engage in a cause as glorious as that in which the one gathered his laurels, or that which the other deserted. I comprehended their joy and partook in it, and they hailed me as a brother.

“It was immediately after the Peace that I entered the University of ——. In a very short time I was a conspicuous member of a knot of youthful reformers, who, glowing with as honest an enthusiasm as ever animated any human beings, determined, like most reformers, to regenerate the whole mind of the country ; but, unlike most reformers, determined, in the first place, to regenerate themselves. However wide a circumference we may have described for the limit of our exertions, it is not true that we allowed the centre to remain corrupt. Our primary object was to introduce a new life into the universities of Germany ; to abolish the vulgar, childish, sottish habits, which had so long disgraced them ; and to awaken the

students to a consciousness of their dignity as men, and their duties as citizens. With this purified leaven, we hoped to leaven the whole mass of German society; to diffuse a spirit of national union from the Rhine to the Vistula; and, at last, in spite of the decrees of congresses, and the partitions of monarchs, to create for ourselves a country. Yet, splendid as were those distant prospects, and young as were the eyes which they gladdened, I do not think we can be accused of forgetting the immediate end, or neglecting any means which could bring it to pass. Truly the task was not a light one. In proportion as the war called forth the pure energies of the high-minded, did it stir up all the mud and corruption of the mean and the grovelling. The vague notions of liberty, of their country's greatness, and of their own, which the vulgar students had contracted, so far from improving them, made their drunkenness more maudlin, their insolence more rampant, and their ferocity more alarming. Indeed, except that a considerable diminution had taken place in the hostile spirit which formerly existed between the inhabitants of the different provinces, this class of students seemed in a more hopeless state than ever. That, however, was a beginning of good; and we determined to work upon it. Those guilds or combinations called

Landsmannschaften, of which you have no doubt heard, (which consisted of students from each separate state, and the members of which spent half their time in drinking prosperity to themselves, and the other half in doing justice upon one another,) offered a terrible obstacle to improvement. We could not renounce connexion with them, unless by abandoning all our means of usefulness, and subjecting ourselves to an unanimous proscription. Yet as we came from all parts of Germany, our clanship duties necessarily divided us from each other, prevented us from working in concert, and in some degree compelled us to be enemies. The example, however, of consolidating these guilds had been set at another university; and at length, after labouring in vain for many months, I persuaded my own section to propose a general meeting with the others, to consider whether a similar arrangement could not be effected among us. Through the strenuous exertions of my friends in their own classes, a large majority of the *Landsmannschaften* at length consented to a convocation. There I proposed that general union, which afterwards, under the name of the *Burschenschaft*, when it had extended over the other German universities, excited so much terror in sober people, and even in crowned heads. At that time few of us expected that we should bring

the body of the students to concur in it; but by rousing that sense of self-importance, in which German students had never been deficient, without too suddenly discovering those personal reforms by which we hoped to make it reasonable, we at last succeeded in rendering our plans popular. Those who had been most full of partisanship a short time before, now clamoured for a union; the recusant *Landsmannschaften* were threatened with penalties as severe for not merging in the *Burschenschaft*, as they had formerly denounced against individuals who kept aloof from them; and the sentiments of brotherhood, which I and my friends nourished towards each other, were affected throughout the whole university.

“ We rejoiced in this success, both for itself and for the influence which it gave us, now a united body, over the body which we had called into existence; but we knew that as yet we had effected comparatively nothing. The majority, though they had abandoned their hatred to each other, were, in their general intentions, nowise peaceable, and only considered the *Burschenschaft* as a larger *Landsmannschaft*, in which they were to eat and drink and carry on their warfare against the Philistines of the town with more success, because they had abandoned their private animosities. Though we were flushed with our recent triumph, we knew

that this notion could only be eradicated by degrees. To give the weaker *Burschen* any notion that order was necessary to liberty ; that to govern others they must controul themselves ; that, however good the old German method of consulting over the bottle might be, actual drunkenness is no assistance to deliberation—required vast prudence. Our method, with whatever disadvantages it might be attended, was the only one which seemed practicable. We pointed out to the students the immense grandeur of their destiny, the unbounded range of their power ; we told them that by union and concentration of the German youth, they might eventually become arbiters of the fate of their own country, might overthrow the vast influence of Prussia and Austria, might restore Poland to independence, might co-operate with the friends of freedom and the enemies of Austria in Italy, might raise a kindred spirit among the universities of Russia, and prepare for the emancipation of that vast empire—might render mighty assistance to the cause of Greece. You may laugh at such speeches as very extravagant, and so they were if we had hoped to accomplish all this by the aid of such as we were addressing ; but the belief upon which we acted was, that to kindle the moral dignity of these young men, it was necessary to transport them beyond that present to

which they were in servitude ; that to give them a motive for exertion, it was needful to show them what lay within their power. You have that within, which will tell you that we reasoned, at least upon very plausible premises, if not upon right ones. To further this object, we endeavoured to give a new character to the convivialities of the university. We did not oust the drinking songs, but we determined they should assume a high and spiritual character. For the less intelligent, we wrote hymns, celebrating indeed the glories of wine, but breaking out before the conclusion (the Rhine, of course, was always a sufficient warrant for the association) into some heroic resolutions respecting our father-land. For the more subtle, we had compositions which might be considered as parodies on Schiller's Lay of the Bell, in which were expressed the inspiring thoughts that ought to occupy the mind in the interval between emptying and replenishing our cans of beer. We had songs too, literal and allegorical, about smoking ; and, in our symposia, dreams of Europe's liberation became inseparable from a sight of the *meerschäum*.

“ In time it became evident that we had not over-rated the power of earnestness and enthusiasm. A new spirit began to work in the university. The students became really impressed with the splendour of their vocation, and to lose their relish for the

pursuits which were unworthy of it. Rioting and renouncing grew every day more unfashionable. The professors were astonished to observe an order in the proceedings of their pupils, which all their regulations had never been able to create. They examined into the cause; and it was amusing to witness the puzzled countenances of some of the older among them, when they found that this propriety of demeanour, this decorous subordination, were the result of a spirit of more determined freedom, or, as they would have called it, Jacobinism, than that which it succeeded.

“ When our reform had advanced thus far, we gave it stability by legislation. The *Landsmannschaften* were bound by very solemn oaths to take, as their rule of life, the Comment—a somewhat singular code, which enforced lying as a necessary branch of morality, and raised rowing to the highest rank among the virtues. It was a long while, even after the principles in which this strange piece of youthful jurisprudence originated; had given place to better ones, before we could procure its literal abolition. This, however, was gradually achieved, and there arose out of its unions an institute built on the principle of honour;—a word to which we assigned no capricious or fluctuating meaning, but which was really that

high love of right, and detestation of wrong, that we felt stirring in our hearts.

“ I see you are still smiling at the solemnity with which I describe their proceedings ; but you must remember, that they were sufficiently important to disturb the repose of Prince Metternich, and, which gives them in my mind a considerably higher significance, they were the fruit of sincere, ardent, and deep feelings. Moreover, you must remember that we were Germans, not Frenchmen ; so that what we talked of, we meant. You must not remind me that, since that time, the boys in German universities have begun to talk of many things which they do not mean ; for, whatever there is in the drunken talk of these later students indicating any more serious purpose than of breaking peaceable citizens' heads, (which they accomplish most literally,) is merely a vague tradition received from us,—the smouldering ashes of a real flame, prematurely and unnaturally extinguished. The reality of our intentions may be estimated by our next step, which was to appoint a deputation to all the other universities, for the purpose of exciting them to unite with us in establishing a general confederation of the German youth. Some of the universities had already commenced a reform like our own : by these, our dele-

gates were most cordially greeted. Among others, they preached the new doctrine with signal success, and, partly through our agency, the universal German *Burschenschaft* was finally established. Shortly after, commissioners chosen from the different universities met at a central town, to make arrangements for a meeting of the whole *Burschenschaft*, and to prepare schemes which should be submitted to them on that occasion. The celebrated meeting at Wartburg was then fixed upon, a manifesto of our object was drawn up, and we prepared epistles to the Carbonari of Italy, the Carbonaros of Spain, and the Freemasons of England."

"To the Freemasons of England!" said Eustace, laughing; "what could be the intention of such a document?"

"I was the compiler of it," said Kreutzner. "Our object, you see, was to build an extensive national life upon the foundation of the spiritual life of the individual: of course, therefore, we were in hostility with all states which build up national life upon some other foundation, as that of expediency, and either suppress individual life, or give it no integral value in society; hence we were anxious to form an alliance with all bodies existing independently of the state and working upon our ground."

"You were also, I presume, stimulated to pay our countrymen this compliment, by remembering that our Grand Master is brother to the governor of Hanover?"

"Yes, that weighed with some of us, and still more the report that he was anxious to establish a more popular life in England."

"My dear Kreutzner!" exclaimed Eustace, vainly struggling with convulsions of laughter.

"I am glad I have given you so much amusement," said Kreutzner, without any pique however, and joining in the laugh, which seemed to him perfectly unaccountable.

"I beg your pardon," said our hero, slightly recovering himself; "but I was picturing to myself His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex when he opened your letter, and discovered that he was engaged in the task of building up a national life upon the spiritual life of the individual."

"You do not think that is his intention?" said Kreutzner.

"Very possibly," said Eustace; "but he is a Freemason, and keeps it a profound secret.—Pray proceed."

"Before the convocation at Wartburg, which led the Princes of the confederation to take violent measures against the *Burschenschaft*, they had been working secretly for its destruction in the

different universities. Indeed, I doubt whether any authority would have been able to suppress it, if the principles of its existence had not been previously undermined. I was absent at a meeting of delegates, when I first received news, which led me to think that some members of the body had an understanding with the Grand Duke of ——. Their schemes, however, were very promptly defeated, and we proceeded with greater spirit than ever. It was another train by which our institution was finally blown up.

“As one great object was to raise the mind of Germany, you will easily suppose that we had often considered the best way of obtaining an influence over the productions of the theatre. We knew from our feelings, how immense a power it must exert; and, if we had not, our reverence for Schiller would have directed our thoughts to that instrument, which he laboured through so great a part of his short existence to make effectual, for purifying, enlightening, and freeing his countrymen. That Goëthe did not thoroughly enter into the views of his great friend upon this subject, that his object was rather to make acting a perfect art than a great moral engine, you will easily guess from the difference of their writings; and, upon the decline of his influence at Weimar, whence it had once radiated to the extremities of Ger-

many, there was no one left but the *Burschen* to see that the drama did not degenerate into a state of the worst corruption. Accordingly, letters and addresses were sent to the great actors and actresses of Germany, exhorting them to consider their high vocation, and their great responsibilities. Any further measures were delayed till the great convention, whence it was thought they would proceed with greater authority. About this time, however, a lady very celebrated in the theatrical records of Germany came to act at ——. To our surprise and horror, we heard that the first piece in which she would appear was one of Kotzebue's, nearly the worst production of that hated slave: all the town would of course be present; the great talents of Madame —, by making popular this vile stuff, would be the instrument of crushing whatever seeds of life had been sown among the inhabitants; above all, the theatre would be degraded. A meeting of our senate was immediately called, and a deputation was resolved on to beseech the actress to substitute some other play for that which had been announced. It was suggested by an acquaintance of Madame — that it might not be unpolitic to select the members of this deputation, with some reference to the powers of their eyes as well as of their lips. But this expedient was thought degrading, and was not

acted upon, as you will believe when I tell you that I belonged to it.

“ We were received with great courtesy by the lady. When we announced our purpose, she expressed some horror at our objecting to her dear Kotzebue ; but, nevertheless said that love of liberty was the strongest passion of her soul, that Schiller was a very clever man though a little morose, that the students of the German universities were actuated by the most noble sentiments, and finally promised, though she was to appear the same night, that she would use her interest to get ‘ Don Carlos ’ substituted for the offensive drama. The manager was, doubtless, very much astonished, and the performers not much pleased ; but the will of Madame —— was law ; all the arrangements were altered ; she appeared in the character of the Queen, and electrified the town with the splendour of her performance.

“ We were proud of our success, and toasted Madame —— as the most perfect of actresses, the most beautiful of women, and the most illustrious of patriots. But her favours to our university were not yet at an end. A few days after our visit, I was invited to a *soirée* at her house. There I had much conversation with her respecting the *Burichenschaft*, in which she expressed great in-

terest; and also upon various questions in metaphysics, which she started and discussed. The next morning I received a note from her, intimating that she should be glad to converse with me on the subject of a song, which she heard I had composed, and which she was anxious to introduce on the stage:—I went. I need not detain you with any particulars of the interview; suffice it to say, it was still more flattering than the summons had been, but that my whole heart was given up to my country, and I had no part of it to bestow upon Madame ——. You may imagine the effect of a refusal, so new and extraordinary. ‘Few young men are quite so philosophical as Herr Kreutzner,’ she said, as I withdrew.

“ ‘Yes, all true *Burschen*,’ I exclaimed triumphantly. She smiled.

“ I assure you, no act in my life has less right to come under the name of self-restraint than this. So highly were my feelings at this time strung, that I really felt the offers of a beautiful woman no temptation. It was not merely my political zeal that made me indifferent. My notion of the female mind had been very much exalted by intercourse with an English lady, to whom I was introduced by a brother student, also one of your countrymen. She was residing with an old English housekeeper during the absence of her

husband, on a tour which he had undertaken with some *savans* from Berlin. I never saw a woman who seemed to me a higher model of severe virtue and severe talent. She had no arts to win applause, no coquetries, no trickeries, no brilliant pettinesses. She thought vigorously, and expressed herself simply. She rejected German and French affectations equally, and yet assumed no impertinent nationality. Above all, I admired her for scorning the reputation of an *esprit fort*. My companion in my visits was strongly tainted with French mathematical infidelity, and occasionally broached his opinions in her presence. The vigour with which she repelled, without appearing to dread them, and yet without showing any feminine pity for the reasoner, or expressing any interest in him, excited my strongest admiration, and gave me a prejudice in favour of English women.

“Though a great reform had been effected in the university, it was only to those who originally commenced it, and who had toiled together in all our labours, that I ever absolutely trusted. We were well known in the town, and the name of ‘the patriots’ was given to us, first in the way of derision, afterwards in the way of honour. No excuse of pleasure, scarcely of illness, had prevented these men from being present at the debates of the general body, of which both officially and

actually they were the directors. My surprise therefore was considerable, when one evening I was obliged, almost without friends, to combat a mischievous proposition which started from the opposite, or as they began to be privately called, Prussian faction. My arguments, however, were successful; and as the measure was rejected, I made no complaint of my desertion. Another evening came, and only a few stragglers from 'the patriots' arrived, very late, to support me in an important motion. I remonstrated, my friends made some common-place excuse, and promised to be more diligent in future. The following night they kept their word; but there was no opposition, so they felt themselves at liberty again to disappear. I could not account for their absence; and I was somewhat surprised that the other party, who showed by mustering strongly on such occasions, that they knew when it would happen, never taunted me with it. At length, when a vote for repealing one of our fundamental laws was carried against my utmost efforts, I exclaimed publicly that I was abandoned. 'It is very hard upon Herr Kreutzner,' said one of the opposite party, 'that his friends should prefer the *soirées* of Madame to the meetings of the *Burschen*; but it seems that patriots are much like other men.' This was the first intimation I had

received of these parties, which, I soon ascertained, had been fixed exactly on the nights when attacks were to be made upon me from the other side. I perceived that there was an understanding between Madame and my opponents: yet I was glad to hear this news. My friends were not aware of the personal motive which was at the root of this proceeding; they had been but temporarily withdrawn by the fascinations of a superior woman; an exposure of her perfidy would at once disenchant them. The next morning I determined to seek them, and explain the whole truth. I had not walked far, before I saw, issuing out of a house, which I knew to be that of Madame —, a whole party of young men, nearly all of whom were my intimate acquaintances. I hastened to speak to them; but they turned quickly down another street, evidently designing to avoid me. Among them, however, I was rejoiced not to see the three men of our party, in whose talents and principles I confided most. I determined to make my intended communication to them. One was ill, and could not see me: I feared it was an excuse; but, though a very clever man, he had not that thorough manliness of character which belonged to Wilhelm Schroeder. To him I proceeded, and was admitted at once. The most entire frankness had always prevailed between us,

and indeed was enjoined upon us as *Burschens*. Without any preface, therefore, I said to him, 'Wilhelm, I am not come to complain of your absence from our meetings; for that your own reflections will be a sufficient punishment; but I am come, bound by our common sacrament, to warn you against a snare which has been laid to withdraw you from your loyalty to our cause. Madame is an enemy of the *Burschenschaft*!'—'Madame!' said he, laughing, 'and pray what does such a woman as she is care about us or our proceedings?'—'The king of Prussia cares about them.'—'And you suppose that Madame —— is an emissary of the king of Prussia? Kreutzner, this is folly indeed!'—'I suppose no such thing, Wilhelm; I *know* why Madame —— is an enemy of our institution.'—'You know!' he exclaimed fiercely; 'pray how do you come by your knowledge?'—'On that point I shall be silent, unless you adjure me to speak by the bond of our brotherhood.'—'Of our brotherhood? Impertinence! nonsense! No, sir; but I adjure you by another bond. Kreutzner, you are my rival!—a dark plotting rival, and to-morrow you must meet me. But, perhaps, you have forgotten the use of the sword?'—'Not quite; but I keep it for enemies, not for brothers.'—'Brothers again!—Kreutzner, this farce must have an end; and the sooner it ends, the bet-

ter.'—' You are right, Wilhelm,' I said, rising ; ' the moment we think it a farce, that moment it is one. The tie of our union has been a spiritual, not a material tie. No outward force could sever it, but one mean feeling will snap it asunder at once. But, Wilhelm, bear witness of my words. It is easy to call all we have felt, all we have talked, all we have done, frivolous, juvenile, farcical ; but it is not easy for you to believe it. You know that those sympathies which bound us to each other were true—were real. You can exchange them for others : there never was, and never will be any difficulty in bartering golden armour for brazen, that worth a hundred oxen for that worth nine : only do not play such a paltry trick with your understanding, as to suppose that you are making a clever bargain. No, Wilhelm, while you are laughing in the boudoir of Madame — at the childish amusements you have abandoned, I shall smile with deeper pity upon the poor fool who can be persuaded by a woman to disbelieve his convictions, to throw away his happiness. I trust that smile will not turn into a grin of contempt, when I think of the dreams, each duller and more wearisome than the last, which will succeed one another in the brain of him who looked with such derision upon the realities he will then long for in vain. And if his

wise apostasy should gain him all he seeks by it,—the good opinion of society, court favour, the sweet looks of woman,—in my garret or my prison, the honesty and the truth, and the love which we once held in common, will enable me to regret that he who was a man in his infancy should become a child in his manhood.’ So saying, I left the room.”

“But surely,” said Eustace, “this political actress did not shower her favours upon all this band of patriots?”

“By no means. Plentiful ridicule, and a few smiles, had been sufficient to draw off the greater part from their allegiance; it was only in the two or three most conspicuous that she encouraged any greater hopes. Wilhelm Schroeder had been almost the last to fall under her influence; but the infatuation was more overpowering from his struggle to resist it. It was he who, five nights after our interview, brought forward a motion for dissolving the *Burschenschaft*, and restoring the clubs. The shouts of the opposite party, when he rose, were tremendous; for he was reckoned the most eloquent man on our side. But they had no cause for rejoicing; a speech more feeble and incoherent was never heard, and at times the voice of the speaker faltered so much, that he was scarcely audible. I rose immediately after him,

and seconded his proposition. I gave an account of the principles of the *Burschenschaft*, as they were laid down in the institute, and in the speeches of Wilhelm Schroeder, and I concluded thus:—‘ My intention, Germans, in this speech, has been to prove how right, and how consistent the member is, who has this night declared that we are virtually dissolved. Do you smile because I say consistent? What, Germans! is it not consistent that he, who has so often told you our institution was built upon mutual faith, should say that its existence has ceased, when he knows, by the best of all evidence, that treachery has crept in amongst us? Is it not right and consistent that he who told us all *Burschens* should prefer the good of their country before their own, should declare the *Burschen* tie is broken when, judging in the only way that one man can judge of others’ actions, he believes that the lowest, meanest selfishness prevails in our hearts? Is not he the man of all others to bid us beware how we dream of building a national life upon the spiritual life of the individual, who knows, in the only case he can know, that the basis would be one of corruption and rottenness? Yes, Germans, he is right—he is consistent:—as far as he and those who feel like him are concerned, the *Burschenschaft* is no more! A vote of yours cannot prolong its ex-

istence; it has ceased by the very law which created it. But if there be any here, who, laying his hand upon his heart, can say, 'The principles which I once professed are still mine, they are my life, and let who will desert them, I cannot,' for that man the *Burschenschaft* has not ceased; I am still his brother, and will remain so for ever. Germans, are there any such?' A soft voice behind me whispered, 'Yes, all true *Burschen*.' I looked round, and saw, wrapped in a student's cloak, Madame —.

"The motion was rejected, for the students were not yet prepared to abandon the name, which had connected itself with so many pleasant dreams. A short time after the 'Universal *Burschenschaft*' was abolished by a decree of government, and our university with very little difficulty submitted to the order. The *Landmannschaften* were then restored, and the dullness and sottishness into which the university sunk, was even deeper than that from which it had emerged.

"I have been somewhat longer in describing my first experiment, because all that have followed are only repetitions of it. My next was to found a newspaper at Leipzig, in which I expounded the objects of our Academic Diet—showed that it was favourable to order, and the best kind of civilization—pointed out the opposition which it

had encountered from Prussia, and, through it, from the Princes of the Confederation—and hence drew the conclusion, that it was the extinction of life, not the prevention of disturbance, which the governments had at heart. The paper lasted six months, obtained a large circulation, and made many converts; thereupon it was suppressed, and its editor thrown into prison. The order for my imprisonment was signed by Wilhelm Schroeder, then a functionary at Leipzig.

“This incident affected me very little. I have not a spark of sentimentalism in me, and the time to weep for Schroeder was when he became a slave, not when he did the duties of one. But a report which reached me about this time, and which I doubt not caused high amusement to many, grieved me deeply—even now I cannot think of it without dismay. You know St. Augustine’s perilous sentiment, ‘*Audeo dicere superbis continentibus, Expedit cadere.*’ The English lady of whom I had formed so magnificent a notion, was found, upon her husband’s return, to have obeyed the maxim—alas! I fear she proved its falsehood; a fall would not humble such pride as hers, but only make it dangerous.

“During my imprisonment I received a strange visit from a sister of Wilhelm Schroeder, about

nineteen years of age, who used frequently to be at the university, and whom he had inoculated with some of his *Burschen* enthusiasm ; she came in men's clothes, and it was not till after one or two calls that I discovered her."

"She was in love with you?"

"I believe so."

"But, my dear Kreutzner, you take this incident, which seems to me the most remarkable in your life, very coolly."

"I should have forgotten to mention it, if she had not been the means of rescuing me from prison."

"But you thought your meeting with Zieschen Schutz not unworthy of remembrance."

"Oh, that was another case altogether ; it was in seeing Zieschen that I had my first feeling of the beautiful. Henrietta Schroeder kindled no new life in me, though indeed she was a very good creature ; perhaps I should have married her, if I had staid in Germany, for I believe no indignation on the part of her family would have hindered her : but I had determined to join the Neapolitan patriots, as soon as I was liberated, and I told her so before she laid her scheme for my rescue."

"I think I should have left Naples to its fate,

and taken up my lot with Henrietta Schroeder," said Eustace. "Did you ever hear of her afterwards?"

"Never.—Since that time I have been a wanderer on the earth! My first experiment, as I told you, was at Naples. I soon discovered that the Patriots were, most of them, scoundrels, and that, as for any real freedom, they had nearly as much chance for it under the sceptre of Francis as in a Cortes of Carbonari. I saw the Revolution to the end, and then, contriving to escape the dungeons in which Austria deposited the rebels who had not fled fast enough, I quitted a country in which the inhabitants would be enslaved, if a foreign tyrant had never touched their shores—a country in which all men are sensualists, and in which I felt myself very rapidly becoming like the rest. Prince Mettermich himself had not more cause than I to rejoice in our defeat; for had we triumphed, I might have become a Neapolitan, perhaps have obtained some honorable situation, and for ever lost my humanity."

"My next visit was to Paris. O heavens! for what reward which his Most Christian Majesty, or any other potentate in Europe, could bestow upon me, would I pass again through the five first weeks which I spent in that capital! I was shown about in couples with some Greek or Italian fugi-

tives, as a martyr for liberty. No language can describe what caresses I had to endure in the Liberal Saloons; my soul sickens at the recollection of them. But as I did not talk in the usual strain of martyrs, giving pathetic accounts of my sufferings, and mingling with them fit praises of 'the great nation,' but on the contrary endeavoured to scatter some seeds of life on the stony ground of French society, the Parisians soon discovered that they had arranged me under a wrong head. I was not a martyr, but a German Philosopher,—a change of character which did not at all diminish my popularity, but only occasioned me to be transferred into the hands of the keepers who exhibit that kind of monster to the French public. Then I was admitted into the levees of the new sect of French Philosophers, who began with inquiring about my sect—whether I was a pure Kantist, a Fichtist, a Schellingist, or a Jacobist, or what else? I told them I was none of all these. 'Oh! then he is an Eclectic,' they cried. 'Ah! Monsieur Kreutzner, we are glad to hail you as one of ourselves.'—'I am not an Eclectic!' said I, vehemently; 'Eclecticism is a mere aggregation of atoms, a system of utter barrenness, unconnected with the life of the individual—centreless, soulless, loveless!'—'Unconnected with the life of the individual!' they exclaimed, 'why, we study

our consciousness three times every week at *l'Ecole Normale*.'—'And what are you doing all the other days of the week, gentlemen?'—'Doing? classifying our discoveries, and writing accounts of them for the newspapers, besides attending to politics and general literature.'—'And your consciousness has nothing to do with all these pursuits?'—'Oh, we see what you are now; you are a mystic.'—'No, gentlemen, I am not a mystic.'—'Well, sir, if you can give no account of your opinions, how do you venture to call yourself a philosopher?'—'I do not venture to call myself so.'—'Then why do you come amongst us?'—'Because I was brought amongst you.' So ended my acquaintance with the French-German philosophers. After that, they spoke of me with infinite contempt, and I made no secret of entertaining similar sentiments towards them. 'The history of your philosophy,' said I to one of them, 'is simple enough; the pigs in your French division of the Epicurean stye are become delicate, and they will no longer away with the few simple husks which delighted their fathers. To satisfy them, you have imported all the rinds and peels of all the philosophies existing in the world. The wash is much improved, I confess; but if you affirm that it is a diet for man, I must beg leave to say you are mistaken. It neither will

feed men, nor can make men.' In saying this, I expressed myself courteously and delicately ; for I did not wish to hurt their feelings by insinuating that they had no *wish* to change their pigs into men, and did not know what a man is. This, however, I most potently believe, and, as most Frenchmen I have met are equally in the dark upon that subject, I came to England.

“ I cannot complain here that I have been much troubled with the attention of the aristocracy ; and for that mercy, I trust, I am thankful. Besides this, I find many points of sympathy with the English character ; and it is a mighty circumstance, however little you may regard it, that you can speak and write, and make yourself heard in England. Yet, while I was at large in this country, I felt that there was a weight upon my spirits which did not oppress me, even in the less congenial atmosphere of France. That dense commercial spirit which one encounters, even in your religion, is a more overpowering nightmare upon the soul, than any bad influence I have felt elsewhere ; there were times when I could scarcely bear up against it ; when the myriads of eyes which I encountered, all riveted upon gain, seemed to be invested with a sort of Medusan enchantment. I knew not whether I could have borne it ; but I fought resolutely, and, as will al-

ways be the case when one fights hard, a good angel seconded me. I was thrown into jail; shut out from the world; I found myself—freedom and joy returned to me—I lived—I became a man once more;—but oh! my friend, why cannot we always stay in prison?”

“You are a strange person, Kreutzner,” said Eustace, when he had finished this narrative. “You first raise me by your conversations out of a sea of scepticism, and then you throw me back into it by the history of your personal adventures.”

“Ah, my friend! but you can swim now, which makes all the difference. You had persuaded yourself that your arm was withered; I told you that you were mistaken, and that you had only to stretch it out in order to feel that you were mistaken. There is no evidence in my story to contradict that assertion.”

“No, but there is a great deal of evidence that the arm, when stretched out, cannot bend a single twig which will not fly back into its original position.”

“And suppose that were true, is the exercise nothing?—Oh, my friend, we have not learnt our alphabets till we have learnt that life, life for itself alone, is better than death. Do you think I repine that I proved all my friends false in the

university? that I was imprisoned at Leipzig? that I narrowly escaped from Naples? that I was laughed at by the philosophers in France? that I am sent here for a debt I did not contract in England?—No, no; thanks to Wilhelm Schroeder, the traitor! thanks to His Majesty of Prussia! thanks to the cowards of Italy! thanks to the Parisian swine! thanks to the English landlord! they would not profit by me, but I have profited by them. I owe them all a debt. They have all assisted to prevent me from ever becoming like them. Each time they have flung me to the earth, I have sprung up more a man than when I fell; and if torture would do this for us, who ought not to long for the rack?"

"Then the Continent, you think, is not an easier field of exertion than England?" said Eustace, after a pause.

"After telling you my history, I think I need not answer that question; unless you think that it is a great advantage not to be a native of the country you would reform,—not to love the soil,—not to have known its people from childhood,—not to have one who shall care for your triumphs when you prevail,—not to have one who will uphold you when you sink."

"In some respects I do," said Eustace.

"Is it so, indeed?" said Kreutzner; "then my

friend, you have no right to fly. If your conscience prompts you to make some unpopular exertions for improving mankind, and you think to stifle its voice by making them among persons for whose smiles or frowns you do not care,—then, take my word for it, there is nothing for you any where but disappointment and shame. If you are in bondage to the public opinion of England, in England you must defy it.”

Eustace said he had the reputation of defying it too outrageously.

“Never mind your reputation, my friend,” said Kreutzner; “ask your conscience. You must be different from all the persons of the upper classes whom I have met with, if you are emancipated from this thralldom. I have found a great many patriotic, well-disposed, benevolent, religious persons among them; but I want one who despises wealth,—who resolutely resists every temptation from the government of the mob,—who is careless about his position in society,—who is ready to be reckoned amongst those whom the world deems slightly of. I want such a man—I cannot find him; and yet, without these qualifications, what affectation, what vanity, to talk of benefiting our fellow-creatures — of being free ourselves !”

For some time Eustace staved off these remarks,

as the suggestions of an evil spirit of refinement, which would destroy the action under pretence of purifying the motive ; but when he thought more, he perceived there was a depth of truth in Kreutzner's remarks, which he had not at first fathomed ; for in all his former speculations he had never dreamed of descending from his situation in society, and the thought, now that it was presented to him, was exceedingly disagreeable. " But painful or not," he said within himself, " I will face it ; I must not again be told that I sink into a belief of inevitable necessity, because I have not courage to make the experiment that will prove I have a will. No, if I am beaten down again, Fate shall have the victory, and I the glory of having wrestled with it to the last."

CHAPTER XXI.

But at her side
An angel doth abide,
With such a perfect joy
As no dim doubts alloy,
As intuition,
A glory, an amenity,
Passing the dark condition
Of blind humanity.

CHARLES LAMB.

WHEN our hero fell into such meditations as these, he began to understand Kreutzner's feelings respecting the London air and the London faces. Before, he did not know what they meant. Many a sublime scheme for reforming society had been laid and hatched in his mind as he walked through the streets, and the vulgarity of the faces which he encountered had not materially retarded the process of incubation. But it was another thing altogether when his thoughts were occupied with schemes of self-mortification. The keen eyes of every citizen who was running against time—the dull eyes of every fashionable who was

leisurely killing it, mocked him as he passed. How could he hope to act out his intentions in such a place? he could not even think of them. At one moment he was exalting himself into contempt of the beings who surrounded him; at another, he felt himself the slave of their opinions; and it was hard to say which state of mind was least in accordance with that he was labouring to attain.

He returned home one morning after a walk in which he had been unusually beset by feelings of this kind, and found Morton in conversation with his sister, whose colour, at the moment he entered, was unusually high. Morton turned from our heroine as soon as Eustace appeared, and gave him a letter from Mrs. Franklin.

"You have been at M—— again," said Eustace, smiling. "The magnet is certainly very powerful."

"There are no magnets for me there," said Morton, half angrily. "By the bye," he said, changing his tone, "I believe I ought to apologise; it has been in my possession almost a month."

Eustace opened his letter, and read as follows:—

"DEAR FRIEND GREEN,

"I take the liberty of writing thee a few lines

by Edward Morton, who is leaving us, in consequence of a message with which I have been entrusted by thy friend and mine, Francisca Hermanos. For a note which I received from her last third day, after speaking of thee in very high terms, and saying that she had more reason to esteem thee since thou wast at M——, she adds, ‘The only way I have of showing my regard for him and his dear sister, is to request that he will not forget a commission which I gave him some weeks ago. You will probably have an opportunity of conveying this message to him. I had rather it should be by letter.’

“Thou knowest how I love Francisca, and wilt not wonder I should be much pleased to see her hand-writing again. But she does not tell me where she is, and her note was left at the cottage by a person who went away immediately. It is written in a happier tone than the last which I had from her, and she speaks of having been much indebted to the consolations of her religion. Ah, friend Green, we can never tell how much true life there may be even in those faiths which seem to us most worldly and ceremonious; yet I am sure thou wilt join with me in the wish that she may seek the inward grace, which no forms and pomps of worship can give.

“While I am speaking on that point, I cannot

resist the desire I have to tell thee something of the feelings I experienced in hearing a letter of thine which Edward Morton read to us last week. If thou couldst know all the comfort which it gave me, I am sure from what I have seen of thee, that thine own would be much increased. That one of thy age should not be ashamed to declare thy belief in a spirit which guides and governs our affections, raises our thoughts above the low and perishable things of time, and fills us with joy, and peace, and love—that thou shouldst express thyself so clearly concerning the difference between the worship of the heart and the religious professions of worldly men—that thou shouldst be ready to follow the guidings of this spirit, though it should enjoin on thee the hard task of self-renunciation,—this did indeed surprise and charm me more than my poor words can express. I write now more from the abundance of my own heart than because I expect that thou wouldst care much to hear my opinion ; yet I half persuade myself thou wilt not be displeased to hear that the truths which thou hast embraced with such sincere and fervent love in thy youth, have been my staff and pillar through a long, and but for the support they have given me, a toilsome pilgrimage—that they have saved me from sinking under many trying chastisements, and have enabled me

to see sun-beams streaking every cloud, and directing me to the source of light and love, from whence they flow. At any rate thou wilt pardon these few lines, and wilt accept the sincere good wishes and prayers of

“Thine affectionate friend,

“CATHERINE FRANKLIN.

“PS. Friend Emily Mortimer desires me to remind thee of the promise which thou madest her when thou wast staying here two months ago, that thou wouldst make inquiries among thy friends concerning a suitable tutor for her son. I am very glad, for William’s sake, thou shouldst undertake this commission, since the faults in our education arise, it seems to me, from persons in general not agreeing with thee respecting the Spirit, and therefore treating their children as if they were machines. I forgot to congratulate thee on thy friend Conway’s acquittal. How nobly he behaved !”

It would not be easy to describe our hero’s astonishment as he read this letter. Here were opinions—which could gain no quarter in London, where the rage for novelties is so strong, that he who tells some new thing has just a chance of being listened to, even when what he tells is

truth—which were too high-flown for philosophers—which, in spite of their simplicity and beauty, could not win their way to the heart of a girl who, religious as she was, dared to think for herself, because they too much outraged ordinary prejudices—not only tolerated, but believed in and recognised as the ground of her hope, by an old lady living in the country, and bred up in almost the straitest sect of modern Christianity. Here was as enthusiastic an acknowledgment of a spiritual power within us,—which enlightens, purifies, consoles, raises us above the earthy and transitory, and inspires us with a love for the real, the sublime, the permanent,—as he himself had ever uttered in his loftiest raptures. Here was the dialect which men, used to every fashionable mannerism and professional pedantry, censured as Babylonish,—employed by a simple-hearted Quakeress, whose speech was literally, “Yea, yea, nay, nay.” Here was that aversion to forms, to all habitual devotion, to all that is visible and ceremonial,—which had brought him into worse disgrace among the religious people, and, above all, among the religious women, with whom he had conversed, than all his other heresies together,—recognised as the surest test of genuine religion !

He was raising his eyes to make some trium-

phant comment upon it to Honoria, when the first lines in the letter, which he had nearly forgotten, rushed into his mind. He observed at the same time that Morton was talking to Honoria, and that he looked rather self-complacent—no very extraordinary circumstance, but one that mixed oddly and unpleasantly with the thought which was then uppermost.

Shortly after his friend rose to withdraw—

“I retain my *incognito*, I suppose, with the ladies at M——?” said Eustace, as he rather coolly wished him a good morning.

“Certainly—you gave me no authority to reveal your real name.”

“I had rather they were ignorant of it still,” said Eustace.

“You are in no danger from me, and I suppose you have interest to secure Miss Duncan’s secrecy, who might make a disclosure, as she is to visit them shortly.”

“Thank you for the hint.”

CHAPTER XXII.

In him thy well-appointed proxy see,
Arm'd for a work too difficult for thee;
Prepared by taste, by learning, and true worth,
To form thy son, to strike his genius forth;
Beneath thy roof, beneath thine eye, to prove
The force of discipline, when back'd by love.

COWPER.

EUSTACE gave Mrs. Franklin's letter to his sister. As she read it, he observed that her colour rose till her face and neck became deep crimson. He could not account for her emotion, but it alarmed him, and he reproached himself bitterly for having awaited a second command from Francisca.

"I see you are penitent, my dear," he said, taking a seat on the sofa beside her, and putting his arm round her waist.

"Penitent! Eustace, what do you mean?"

"For being so obstinate an heretic. You see Mrs. Franklin holds the true faith."

"Ah! my dear, dear brother, do not let Mrs. Franklin, or any one else, persuade you to trust in

yourself. Our hearts are very treacherous, they are indeed."

"Have you found this one so, Honoria?"

"More than I can tell you."

"My dear," he said, "some persons are always looking for treachery without forgetting that within. I have sometimes suspected my sister of the opposite fault."

"I am in no danger except from myself, Eustace," she said, in a low voice.

"One who loves you very dearly, Honoria, and who has too much reason also for distrusting both the world and herself, fears that it is otherwise."

"Oh, do not speak of it, my dear Eustace," she said, throwing her face upon his shoulder, and bursting into tears; "I know it all."

"She has written to you, then? Oh! how her love shames mine! But, my dear Honoria, I spared you,—cruelly, sinfully spared you, because I thought if there had been danger, I should have seen it; or that one who used to tell me all her secrets would not have kept this secret from me."

"Oh! you do not know," she exclaimed,—
"indeed you do not know, or you would not bring that charge against me."

"I do not, indeed, Honoria, know any thing; not even the name of the person whom Francisca has so much cause to abhor; and you ——"

“Do you not?” she exclaimed, rising up, and throwing her arms round her brother’s neck; “thank God! then you may esteem him still: and believe, my dear brother, for my sake believe, that he has not one deceitful action or word to reproach himself with in all his intercourse with your sister. He has treated her with the kindness of a friend; nothing more.”

Eustace pressed her to his bosom, and, after a short pause, said, “I might have a greater comfort still, Honoria, if I could believe this passionate eagerness that I should think well of him, —these throbbings meant nothing.”

“Eustace,” she said, looking into his face, and speaking firmly, “if this be true —”

“Heaven knows how much it grieves me to deal harshly with you, Honoria,” interrupted her brother, “but I must warn you against that dangerous ‘if.’ Francisca has told you it was so: how can you doubt it?”

“She has not told me,” cried Honoria: “that wretched footman who accused you sent a report of it to his former mistress; and a week ago she contrived to let me know—‘Oh!’ she exclaimed, ‘every one whom I love assists to make me miserable.’”

“Forgive me, my dear, this unworthy suspicion; you could not, you ought not to have believed the

story upon such testimony : but now, that it has been my miserable duty to confirm their words, and to tell you upon the same authority, that he is guilty of other, heavier —”

“Eustace,” she said solemnly, “I will hear no other charges—I will believe none; my actions and not my words must decide whether I deserve to be your sister.”

“I can trust you,” he said, kissing her; and she left the room.

They were alone again in the evening. Honoria’s manner was cheerful; only her eyes bore witness to the scene in the morning, and to the hours she had passed in her chamber since.

“Eustace,” she said, “I think I shall go to Vyvyan Hall—you will take me?”

“I am more delighted at your intention than I can express, but I fear I must go in a different direction.”

“Oh! do not; I should like you to see the old faces again. Maria, if I may judge from her letters, has almost ceased to be a hoiden, and they tell me she is growing more beautiful every day.”

“Bad arguments, my dear sister, though plausible—I was afraid to go before, and you make me doubly so.”

“Are you serious?”

“I am indeed. One cannot always think of

an old playmate without some pleasant emotions ; and I do not know what might be the consequence of seeing her, now that she is so lovely as you describe. At any rate, as I wish to be of some use in my generation, I must not encounter the risk."

" I should not have thought the evil very great, even if all your apprehensions were realized ; but you know best, and if you are doing good to your fellow-creatures, I shall be content, though I have not the greatest of all pleasures—your company."

" Then I hope you will not be very much opposed to a project which I have formed for that purpose, even if it should startle you a little at the first hearing."

" What is it ?"

" I intend offering myself as tutor to Lady Edward Mortimer."

" My dear Eustace !"

" You have not so much reason to be displeased with the plan as you imagine. My name at M—— is Green, so that our patronymic will not suffer from my degradation."

" Do you really suppose that family pride caused the start with which I received your proposal ? you must think me a very selfish creature ! No, it is the misery and servitude to which you will subject yourself, not any disgrace you bring

upon us, that make me earnestly hope you will reconsider your determination."

"I have taken all that into account. I know perfectly well that I am about to become a menial in the strictest sense of the word. But, Honoria, the condition of a servant is a good exchange for that of a slave. At present, I am the slave of custom and opinion. If I do not break my fetters at once, they will gall me, and render me useless for ever."

"It seems to me, Eustace, that we have enough opportunities for self-denial all round us, without going out of the station in which Providence has placed us to search for them."

"We want just as much self-denial, my dear sister, as will make us free agents and useful citizens—no more. But this is, in fact, as far as it will go; for, when it tries to pass that limit, it becomes self-indulgence under another form. My impulse would have been to turn footman or gardener, or work in the mines of Cornwall, rather than become a tutor. Why?—Because I should get the reputation of a mad, unaccountable fellow, half a genius, in exchange for what I gave up. Now I shall have nothing of the kind; I shall simply lose caste, without any compensation in the opinion of others, or in my own self-esteem. But I shall have this compensation—the certainty

that I am engaged in the only task which carries with it any promise of usefulness. Reason teaches me to believe in the doctrine of man's perfectibility—experience, to laugh at it. The law and the fact must be in eternal contradiction, unless education reconcile them. I firmly believe it will; and I believe we must let the practical men enjoy their joke against us till we have used experiments to prove that it will. The history of my excellent German friend, whom I introduced to you the other day, convinced me of this truth, though I was not at the moment prepared to make a personal application of it. He traces all the happiness and all the misery of his own life to the wisdom of a nurse and the folly of a father; and of all his exertions for the good of mankind, the only one that offered any hopes of success was made at the university; and that obviously failed, from the corrupt habits which had been engendered in the students by their previous discipline."

"Well, Eustace, there is not one of your feelings in which I do not sympathize with all my heart, nor one that I do not think will mislead you. If you are destined to reap a harvest of disappointment, may I be privileged to carry some of the sheaves with you, and may they turn to wholesome bread at last!"

"I pardon the prophecy, and thank you for the prayer."

Eustace had some reason to doubt the success of his application to Lady Edward Mortimer, as he could offer no reference except Morton's for his character and qualifications. To make up for the deficiency, he wrote Mrs. Franklin a very long letter, stating his notions of education. There was a delay of two weeks in the answer, and Eustace feared that Lady Edward was unwilling to engage a tutor whom she had known in another capacity. At length, however, one arrived, expressing the satisfaction of both ladies at his proposal. A month was to elapse before he entered upon his duties: this time he determined to pass with Kreutzner, at whose lodging he could prosecute his studies with less interruption than in London.

END OF VOL. II.

